

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 565.—Vol. XXII.

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NOTE.—The pretension of another Corn Flour to be "the best" is entirely groundless, and the imperfect quotation from the *Lancet* which is being used in support of this pretension does not convey the opinion of that journal. — Vide *Lancet*, Nov. 13, 1875.

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 PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE can be seen at the
 Society's Rooms, 56, Conduit Street, Regent Street.
 The following are from Testimonials received during the past few
 weeks, and the originals, together with many hundreds, can be seen
 on application:—

Bristol, July, 1880.

SIR,—It is now about a month since I received a small bottle of
 your Eau Lodois. I used it, according to instructions, evening and
 morning every day for one week, and since, only of an evening. I
 have consumed more than half the bottle. To-day I washed the
 head carefully, and had it examined by a friend. We find that a
 large quantity of small hair has grown everywhere, it is not very
 dark generally speaking, nor is it as yet thick; it is about half-an-
 inch long. I pulled one out which had a remarkably good root. I
 find the hair generally a little stronger, and it does not fall of nearly
 so much as it did before.—Yours truly,
 Mons. Lodois.

O. O.

Castle Hill, July, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—The Eau has been a great success in my case. I have
 many friends who, from their observation of the progress in my
 case, have applied for your address.—Yours truly,
 Mr. Lodois.

S. M.

Mrs. S. J. encloses P.O.O. for a bottle of the Pomade Tricho-
 phile. Her little daughter's head is much better, the hair growing
 nicely over all the little bald patches, with one exception, and that
 is looking very healthy. She is rather troubled with loose dandruff,
 which she hopes the pomade will remove.

Shipley, 1880.

Miss — wishes to express to Mr. Lodois her great satisfaction
 at the result of his treatment of her hair. From being quite bald at
 the top of her head, the hair has grown quite profusely. There is,
 however, one very small place which is obstinate, and Miss —
 wishes Mr. Lodois to send her something to enforce the growth
 there.

Scotland, March, 1880.

Dulwich, July, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—I have benefitted much by the use of the Eau Lodois.
 Although never really bald, my hair was falling off very con-
 siderably, but after three months' use of the Eau Lodois, my hair
 has become much thicker, to the surprise of many friends. The
 above is the result of my personal experience, and you may make
 what use of it you please.—Yours truly,
 M. Lodois.

H. C.

Dornoch, June, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—The order now enclosed is through Mr. Marshall's
 recommendation, whose hair has much improved since using your
 Eau Lodois.

Mons. Lodois.

J. G.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—M. Lodois will undertake to cure any

EAU LODOIS. Baldness is Curable by
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MONSIEUR LODOIS respectfully solicits all those
 who are bald, but desire to renew the natural covering of the head, to consult
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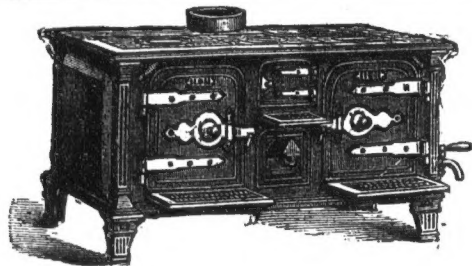
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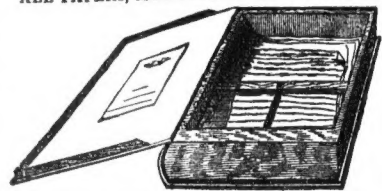
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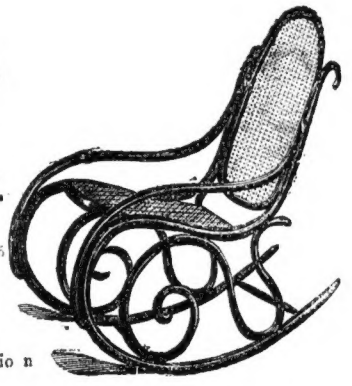
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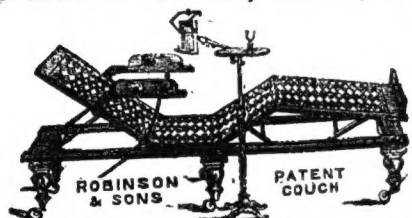
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

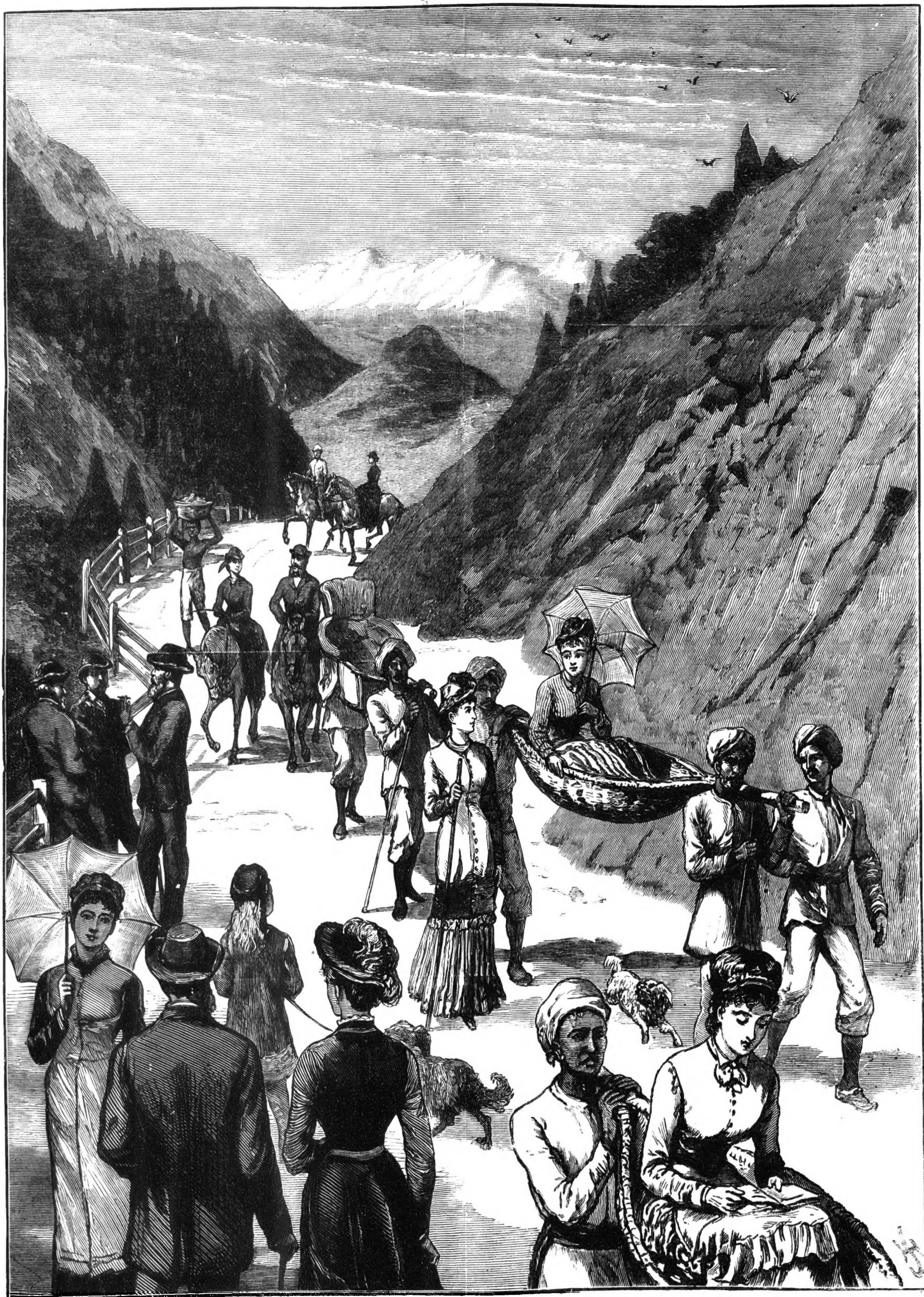
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880

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SKETCHES FROM INDIA—AN AFTERNOON IN THE HIMALAYAS

Topics of the Week

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.—So far as they have yet advanced, the Powers cannot be said to have achieved a very brilliant result by the Naval Demonstration. The Porte, indeed, has made large promises; but the Albanians refuse to withdraw from Dulcigno, and even threaten to burn it rather than yield it to the Montenegrins. There are rumours that Admiral Seymour has orders, if necessary, to bombard the place; but it is difficult to believe that there is any truth in these reports. To kill a number of innocent people in order that a petty town should be handed over to a semi-barbarous "nationality," about which Europe cares nothing, would indeed be a surprising manifestation of humanity. Mr. Gladstone's most ardent supporters may still be convinced that the Demonstration was a brilliant stroke of policy; but if so they alone are of this opinion. All over Europe (Russia of course excepted) there is a growing feeling that the Demonstration is a mistake, and that it would have been better, if England was resolved to establish the claims of Montenegro, to let her do it without aid. The only satisfactory aspect of the matter is that the difficulties which have been encountered in this first attempt at "concert" are not likely to encourage those Powers which really desire the maintenance of peace to make any more experiments of a similar nature. If it is so hard to obtain possession of Dulcigno, it would be a most formidable task to make over Thessaly and Epirus to Greece. We may say with confidence that this greater transfer could not be effected without something more than a mere Demonstration. Mr. Gladstone is, perhaps, prepared to use force; but we may hope that France and the central European Powers would do what they could to prevent so perilous an enterprise.

LAND RECLAIMERS AND AGITATORS.—The weight of evidence seems to show that Miss Sharman Crawford painted far too roseate a picture of the average Irish tenant. She depicted him as an industrious creature who was perpetually effecting improvements, for which the landlord rewarded him by as perpetually raising his rent. The truth appears to be in the other direction. It is the landlords who are the real improvers, as is shown by the testimony of Lord Lifford, Lord Cloncurry, and others; whereas in too many cases the tenants make no improvements possessing any tangible money value, and, unless restrained, are very apt to sublet their holdings, thereby impoverishing the land, and bringing upon it a population who are always on the verge of destitution. These facts (and there is no question of their reality) deserve to be studied at a time when such men as Messrs. Redpath and Parnell are going about the country telling the tenant farmers that the landlords are a set of monsters who deserve extermination. The tenant-farmers, although hitherto in the main a respectable and law-abiding class, naturally listen with interest; just as English householders of the less-educated class might listen with interest if they heard there was a plan afoot by which they would be enabled to occupy their houses rent free. Of the two agitators we prefer Mr. Redpath, with his outspoken denunciations, rather than Mr. Parnell, with his insidious, yet equally inflammatory, harangues. The bloodthirsty cries with which these speeches are received indicate how they are interpreted by the multitude. There is probably no other country in Europe where incentives to sedition and murder, both spoken and printed, would be permitted with such equanimity. The reason for this equanimity probably is that our Legislature and members of the Government live for the most part on this side of the water, and are aware that, whatever happens, their own skins are pretty safe. If they were Irish property-holders, and had, with their wives and children, to live during the coming winter in that verdant but turbulent island, they would not, perhaps, so willingly forego the protection afforded by Peace Preservation Acts.

M. DE FREYCINET'S RESIGNATION.—An attempt has been made to prove that M. de Freycinet's resignation was due to his opinions on foreign policy. Of this, however, there is no evidence. It seems to be almost certain that he was forced to resign simply because his policy with respect to the religious Orders differed from that approved by M. Gambetta. The new Ministry assumes office, pledged to execute the Decrees; and there is good reason to believe that its pledge will be quickly redeemed. Although M. de Freycinet has been thoroughly defeated, he may at any rate console himself by reflecting that his views are shared by the vast majority of moderate men throughout Europe. It must of course be admitted that the Congregations acted imprudently in declining to apply for authorisation; but it by no means follows that it is expedient to punish them for this offence by dispersing them. Most of them are believed to be popular in country districts, and if this belief is well founded the Republican Government obviously incurs a considerable risk in doing violence to the sentiments of a large class of the population. Besides, the dispersion of the religious Orders will be regarded by the secular clergy as an indication that the whole ecclesiastical policy of the Ministry is to be dominated by dislike to the Church; and no one supposes that even the strongest Government may not be injured by the influence of the secular clergy. Even if the Republic had nothing to fear in this way, the question would

still remain whether it is not a violation of the elementary principles of liberty to break up ecclesiastical communities simply because their opinions are different from those of the dominant party.

SOME NAVAL AND MILITARY ITEMS.—Judging from the present aspect of Europe, that era of universal peace and disarmament, which some enthusiasts imagined would be ushered in by the International Exhibition of 1851, seems further than ever from realisation. "Woe to the nation which neglects the military art" has become an axiom which is accepted as unhesitatingly by civilians as by professional soldiers, and throughout Europe the science of war is eagerly studied. In this country, where our immunity from invasion chiefly depends upon the efficiency of our fleet, the pursuit principally takes the form of perpetual inventions and trials of new weapons of offence and defence; while on the Continent the autumnal military manoeuvres are carried out on a far more elaborate scale than they formerly were. Especial attention is directed on these occasions by military students to the evolutions of the French and German armies, partly because those two nations stand in the forefront as proficient in the dread art of war, partly because it is felt that an apparently slight provocation might convert these bloodless encounters into terrible earnest. It may be safely said that both the German and the French armies (the latter especially) are better prepared for fighting than in 1870. The German army is a marvellous machine, capable of being guided as a single force by the brain of a Moltke, yet in its component parts totally free from the stiffness produced by over-centralisation. As for the French, they have learnt humility in the school of disaster, and they cheerfully adopt changes which by the Marshals of Louis Napoleon's days would have been regarded as revolutionary. For example, they propose to discard drummers (so that the Thackeray of the twentieth century will be unable to compose a second "Chronicle of the Drum"), and it is reported that the Cuirassiers are doomed to extinction, though the cuirass, besides having a terrifying effect on an unmounted enemy, is an acknowledged protection against bullets that strike sideways. The experience of late years seems to have settled three very important questions in modern warfare. Cavalry, once thought to be becoming obsolete, are more needed than ever, to scour the country around an army, and thus protect it from surprise. Shelter is indispensable in these days of long-range weapons, and so the spade is as much prized by the soldier as the musket. Lastly, tents are pronounced to be useless for European warfare. If there is no likelihood of a surprise, the troops can be quartered in villages, but if there is imminent danger, they would bivouac on the ground. With regard to our own forces, we are glad to note that the Continentals of the Combined Squadron, who had believed that we were a nation of drunkards, were agreeably surprised at the sobriety and good conduct of our blue-jackets; while it is to be hoped that the new and more stringent form of attestation may help to weed out from the army those rascals who keep up a continuous round of enlistment and desertion, and who by their misdeeds bring Her Majesty's uniform into evil report.

THE POSITION OF M. GAMBETTA.—The part which M. Gambetta has played in the present "crisis" has caused considerable uneasiness even among his personal friends. For there can be no doubt that he alone caused M. de Freycinet's fall. It is true that the late Premier would probably have been defeated in the Chambers; but if M. Gambetta had not intervened there would at any rate have been no change of Ministry until the Chambers assembled. The incident has proved what was only suspected when M. Dufaure and M. Waddington retired from office: that M. Gambetta claims to direct the policy of the Government, and that Ministers who decline to accept his dictation must go. Now, Frenchmen have never shown any repugnance to the rule of a man of powerful will; and they would probably be quite content for some time to see the authority of the State practically concentrated in M. Gambetta's hands. But they are beginning to doubt whether it is for their benefit that authority should be concentrated in his hands without responsibility. Accordingly, the opinion has been generally expressed that he, not M. Jules Ferry, should have been called upon to form a Ministry, and that when the Chambers meet he should be definitely summoned to undertake the task. It is said that he fears to "wear himself out" by becoming Prime Minister; and it is, no doubt, true that France is very apt to become tired of a great man, who, when in office, does not prove his greatness by wonderful feats of skill. Still, they may also become tired of him if, while remaining behind the scenes, he continues to make intolerable demands on their patience. It is certain that Republican institutions will never have a fair chance until, either as President or Premier, he openly assumes command, and lets France understand the true character and tendency of his doctrines.

CANDAHAR.—Concerning the proposed retention of Candahar, there is, as in most cases of this sort, a good deal to be said on both sides of the question. Being rather a collection of semi-independent tribes than a homogeneous nation, the Afghans would not resent the loss of Candahar as the French resent the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, or even as the Spaniards feel the foreign occupation of Gibraltar. And it may also be conceded that the Candaharees themselves, at all events the industrial element, would prefer the

British *raj*, on account of its probable stability, rather than the disturbance and bloodshed which are only too likely to succeed our departure. Still the question remains, supposing that Ayooob is finally crushed, that no other hostile force gathers against us, and that Abdurrahman keeps true to his engagements with us, whether we ought not to retire. Our position at home, it must be remembered, is very different to what it was a year ago. We have now a Government whose members when out of office thoroughly disapproved of the policy which led to the Afghan War. The Government represents a majority of the electors, or it would not be in power. Such being the case, it seems that, in deference to the will of the British people, our Government should endeavour, unless strong reasons of State can be shown to the contrary, to restore Afghanistan to the condition in which it was before we tried to force our Mission on Shere Ali. The Afghans will be more inclined to like us if we let them alone, than if we are always meddling in their affairs; and if we could only assure their friendship they would be a stronger barrier against our big Northern bugbear than the most cleverly-contrived "scientific frontier." But we cannot afford to abandon Candahar unless the condition of affairs above referred to are in existence, and if it be true that the new Ameer inspires universal distrust, and is very insecurely seated in his saddle, it would be folly to give up a stronghold which it has cost us so much blood and money to attain.

GERMAN SENSITIVENESS.—M. Gambetta can hardly have read without uneasiness the criticisms of German journals upon his recent proceedings. There is not a newspaper in the Fatherland which has not expressed its conviction that he overthrew M. de Freycinet for the purpose of giving effect to his policy of revenge. He has always, they maintain, since the Peace of Frankfurt, looked forward to a war with Germany; and they are convinced, or profess to be convinced, that he thinks the time is near for striking the blow for which France has been making ready. The fact that these suspicions should be universally entertained presents a significant comment on the protestations of friendship in which the Powers have been indulging in connection with "the European Concert." The truth is that Germans are always on the watch for occasion of offence in the policy of France; and it is not necessary to suppose that their motive is a wish to find an opportunity for attack. In Prince Bismarck's day they have had more than enough of war; but at the same time they know how hard it would be for France not to avail herself of a good chance for recovering her former position; so that they are compelled to be on their guard. It is difficult to say whether M. Gambetta has given them just cause for their present fears. That M. de Freycinet resigned solely on the question respecting the Congregations seems, as we have already said, to be almost certain; still, the Dictator may have designs of another kind which M. de Freycinet would have refused to execute. If he has, and if his designs touch German interests in any way, the outcry which has been raised against him in the German press ought to suggest to him that he cannot pursue a great and independent foreign policy without immediate danger.

THE ACCRINGTON STRIKE.—Not being versed in the trade, we do not pretend to understand the dispute now in progress between masters and workmen in the Lancashire cotton industry, but we know that the Bishop of Manchester is right when he says that strikes cause as much misery as a foreign invasion. In truth, a strike is a sort of civil war, only the combatants, instead of trying to kill each other, try to starve each other. It is obvious that, in such conflicts, the master suffers only inconvenience, whereas the workman suffers privation. But it is upon the women and the children that the real brunt of the struggle falls, and we fully believe that if the wives of the Lancashire spinners and weavers were empowered to decide the matter they would vote against strikes. To our minds it is very doubtful if a strike is ever really successful. In the majority of cases, as any one may learn from the dismal records of these contests, the workmen, after undergoing such an amount of self-brought wretchedness as the worst Government that ever existed would not dare to inflict, have been forced to yield. Even when an apparent victory has been gained, it is at least an open question whether the ordinary laws of supply and demand would not have brought about an advance of wages, without any strike at all. At all events, in the present case, the masters cannot be blamed for trying to defend their own interests. They now perceive, more clearly than formerly, that an isolated strike, as at Accrington, can be kept up almost indefinitely, until the Accrington employers are tired out, by liberal contributions from the workers of other districts. Under this ingenious system the enemy, that is, the masters, can be beaten in detail. This plan the masters appear to be resolved to prevent, (unless their unanimity is broken by schemes of individual aggrandisement), by working short time in all the surrounding mills, so that the operatives will not have funds enough to meet a strike-levy. It sounds terrible, but a strike is War, and in War each party does his utmost to cripple the other.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 300 and 309.

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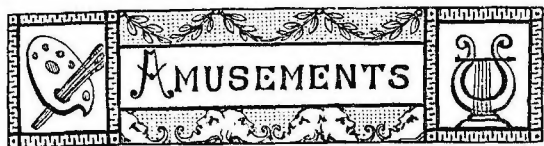
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AN AFTERNOON IN THE HIMALAYAS

IN the early days of Anglo-Indian enterprise there were practically no Hills. The contemporaries of Clive and Warren Hastings fought, traded, and administered in the hot sweltering plains all the year round. In those days the Anglo-Indian, at all events in Southern India, scarcely knew the sensation of cold, unless he went to England, which meant six months at sea, by way of the Cape. Nowadays, if a man has only three months' leave he often decides to spend it in a home-trip, while both north and south the railways have rendered the Hill regions easily accessible. Indeed, the bigwigs to whose management the destinies of the Indian Empire are confided are reported to be so fond of the Capua-like coolness of Simla, that they scarcely know what the discomforts of the Indian climate really are. In these elevated regions, but for the dusky faces of the servants, the visitor might fancy himself in Scotland, the houses, the gardens, the trees, all wear the aspect of the temperate zone, and whereas a few short miles below poor people are gasping with heat, in spite of punkahs and wetted cuscus matting, a fire, even in the warmest months, becomes acceptable after sunset. This is a companion picture to "An Afternoon in the Plains," which we published some weeks ago, and is from the same hand, namely, that of Mr. A. De Vere.

THE GAOL AT MOLD, FLINTSHIRE

THIS building, which was only recently completed at a cost of 25,000l. or 30,000l. to the County of Flint, being no longer required under the provisions of the New Prison Act, which provides for the concentration of prisoners in large buildings, has been sold by auction for the small sum of 3,500l. to a body of exiled French Jesuits. The prison, locally known as Bryncoch, has been renamed "St. Germanus House." By selecting this name, the Jesuits retain the historical traditions of the neighbourhood. Garmon or Germanus was the first Bishop of Auxerre, and in 420 came over to England to attend a Conference. Some years later the Britons gained a great victory near Mold over a crowd of pagan Picts and Saxons, led by Germanus, who gave "Hallelujah" as the British war-cry. The enemy fled in panic without striking a blow. A monument was erected some years ago in commemoration of the defeat. A hundred exiled Frenchmen will find shelter in St. Germanus House, pending the alterations, which will occupy about a twelvemonth.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Edwin A. Norbury, Churton Villa, Rhyl.

A FLOODED CHAPEL IN DONEGAL

ON Sunday, August 15th, while the Rev. Mr. M'Fadden, the parish priest of Derrybeg, Gweedore, Donegal, was saying Mass in his church, there came a flood, which entered the building, rising to a height of ten feet, and drowning fifteen persons. The parish priest himself escaped with difficulty by climbing a window. A subscription was afterwards raised in aid of the sufferers and to repair the damage. To this fund many Englishmen and Protestants liberally contributed, among them Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, Messrs. Bright, Childers, and W. H. Smith. The site of the church is most peculiar. It is built over a ravine which for many years had been the secret place of worship for the neighbouring peasantry. The site thus became hallowed, and so, thirty or forty years ago, the people, by volunteer labour, blasted away the bottom rocks, bridged over the stream, and built their new chapel in the cleft of the ravine. The disaster was, therefore, somewhat of the same character, only happily on a smaller scale, as the Holmfirth inundation of thirty years ago.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Alex. Ayton, jun., Kennedy Place, Londonderry.

THE DYNAMITE MYSTERY

UP to Thursday last the efforts of the police to obtain some clue to the persons implicated in the attempt to blow up a train on the London and North Western Railway were entirely without result. None of the various persons to whom suspicion had been directed had been shown to have anything to do with the plot. All that was certainly known was that on Monday morning last week a packet of reddish earth, since analysed and proved to contain dynamite, was found on the line about half way between Bushey and Watford, together with three india-rubber tubes filled with gunpowder, and fitted with percussion caps of peculiar construction, the whole contrivance being found close to the rails on the down line, as shown in our engraving. It is conjectured that a terrible disaster had only been avoided by the explosive tubes being shaken off the line by the jar of a passing train. The investigation of the matter has been undertaken by the Criminal Investigation Department, and a reward of 100l. has been offered by the Railway Company for information leading to the detection of any person or persons concerned in the attempt. One of the numerous "theories" afloat concerning the mystery is that it was a plot to wreck a train in which it was expected the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia would leave London for Glasgow, and it is stated that the new arrangements were at the last moment made for his journey north in consequence of some hint being given to him of the deadly preparations which had been made. Hartmann, the Russian who was suspected of being the originator of the explosion on the Moscow Railway, has written to the papers, saying that the Russian

Socialists have never acted, and he trusts never will, in such an ungrateful manner towards any nation which gave them hospitality. He adds that the Grand Duke Constantine has so little political influence that he is safe even in his own country.

THE OURANG-OUTANG

IT is not given to many of us weaker mortals to take confinement and notoriety as calmly and philosophically as does the "Old Man of the Woods" (as he is somewhat irreverently called) at the Aquarium. There, sitting quietly on the floor, or hanging like some gigantic spider from the barred roof of his cage, he regards his many visitors with a sad, half-pitying, though somewhat sinister expression, and a sort of gloomy wistfulness in his dark eyes. He is about five feet high, and is covered with hair of a reddish colour, excepting on his pate, which is benevolently bald. Under his red beard he has a peculiar pouch, the use of which is not yet clearly known, but is probably connected with his vocal organs. He is immensely powerful, his hands, with their small, tapering, but very strong, fingers, being natural grapples, by which, in his native woods of Malacca, he can swing himself from branch to branch and tree to tree, at a tremendous pace. As usual in the monkey tribes, his feet are more like hands, the great toe acting like a thumb. He cannot walk upright, and is obliged to use his long strong arms as a lame man uses crutches, and altogether his pedestrian efforts, if interesting, are not very edifying. His cry is peculiar and not easy to describe, but, when annoyed, there is no mistaking its significance. We believe this is the first adult Ourang yet seen in England; for though baby ones have been by no means uncommon, they have early fallen victims to our vindictive climate, and being naturally very delicate, are extremely difficult to rear. He is, therefore, regarded with great interest by naturalists, as well as by less scientific people, and it is hoped that "this beauty," as Mr. Frank Buckland enthusiastically designates him, will find a permanent home in London. The price asked for him is 150l., and those very zealous gentlemen, the zoologists of Berlin, have already displayed considerable anxiety to obtain him. For our own part, we should like to see him returned to his native forests. The exhibition is depressing, and one cannot altogether escape a sense of wrong and inhumanity in seeing the poor animal caged up in so miserably confined a space. His every movement—every glance of his bright piercing eyes—is a silent reproach, and there is something absolutely touching in the grave, half-weary pleasure which he takes in wrapping himself in his scarlet blanket.

THE MARGARY MEMORIAL AT SHANGHAI

THE sad story of the murder of Mr. Augustus Raymond Margary, of Her Majesty's Consular Service, in China, need not here be retold, even after a lapse of nearly six years. The memorial shown in our engraving, and which was unveiled on the 9th of June by the Hon. T. G. Grosvenor, Secretary of the British Legation at Peking, consists of a central column of red Ningpo stone, with four columns of grey Ningpo stone, placed on a pedestal of the same material, the inscription thereon being a brief and simple narrative of his life and untimely death, with a statement that the monument is erected by foreign residents in China as a token of their esteem for the friend whom they have lost, and of their appreciation of the services which he rendered. The memorial stands at the northern end of the English Bund, the building seen on the left being the British Consulate.—Our engraving is from a photograph kindly sent us by Mr. Alister Duncan, of His Imperial Majesty's Maritime Customs Service, Shanghai.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

EARLY in the morning of Sunday, July 25th, Naples was alarmed by a sharp shock of earthquake, which had been preceded by lighter shocks at regular intervals. The chief shock was undulatory from east to west, and was sufficiently strong to awaken all the inhabitants of Portici. The people were much alarmed. At the same time Vesuvius, annoyed possibly by the railway which has been laid upon his outer surface, began to growl and belch forth smoke, till at length in the evening several new fissures opened, sending forth streams of lava. It is worth noting that four days later a severe shock of earthquake was felt at Smyrna.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Signor Lazzaro, of Naples.

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION

THE European Concert, of which we have heard so much, has at length been rendered complete by the arrival of the French contingent, and has been giving a performance in the harbour of Gravosa for the benefit of the Sultan of Turkey, but whether he will listen to the music remains to be seen. Perhaps he thinks that the component parts of the Combined Squadron are like the Happy Families exhibited in the streets, the inmates of which, if the watchful eye of the keeper were long removed, would soon revert to their natural instincts. For example, *The Times*' correspondent confesses that the disembarkation of a combined force from the fleet would be impracticable, because there would be "serious danger in bringing Germans and French, Italians and Austrians, French and Italians, Austrians and Russians, and lastly, English and Russians, together." We learn from a cleverly-edited little paper called *The East*, that "the climate of Kagusa is beautiful and healthy. No serious sickness has occurred on board the fleet. The port of Gravosa resembles a Norwegian fiord. H.M. ships *Alexandra* and *Téméraire*, with the gun vessel *Condor*, and the dispatch boat *Helicon*, have been moored with hawsers to rocks on shore. South of them are the Russian ships *Svetland* and *Jemstchony*. Beyond are moored in the stream the Austrian ironclad *Custoza*, next the Italian ironclad *Paestor*, with the German corvette *Victoria*. Inshore, in Ombla Creek, is the Italian ironclad *Roma*, and in the real port of Gravosa are the Austrian ships *Laudon*, *Prinz Eugen*, and *Srenyia*." The French squadron which, as mentioned above, was the last to arrive, consists of the *Friedland*, *Suffren*, and *Hirondelle* (despatch-boat).

In our engraving (which is from sketches by Lieut. G. Woolley, of H.M.S. *Alexandra*) the actual position of the vessels as above described is necessarily disregarded, the vessels being placed close together in order to show them on a larger scale than would otherwise be possible.

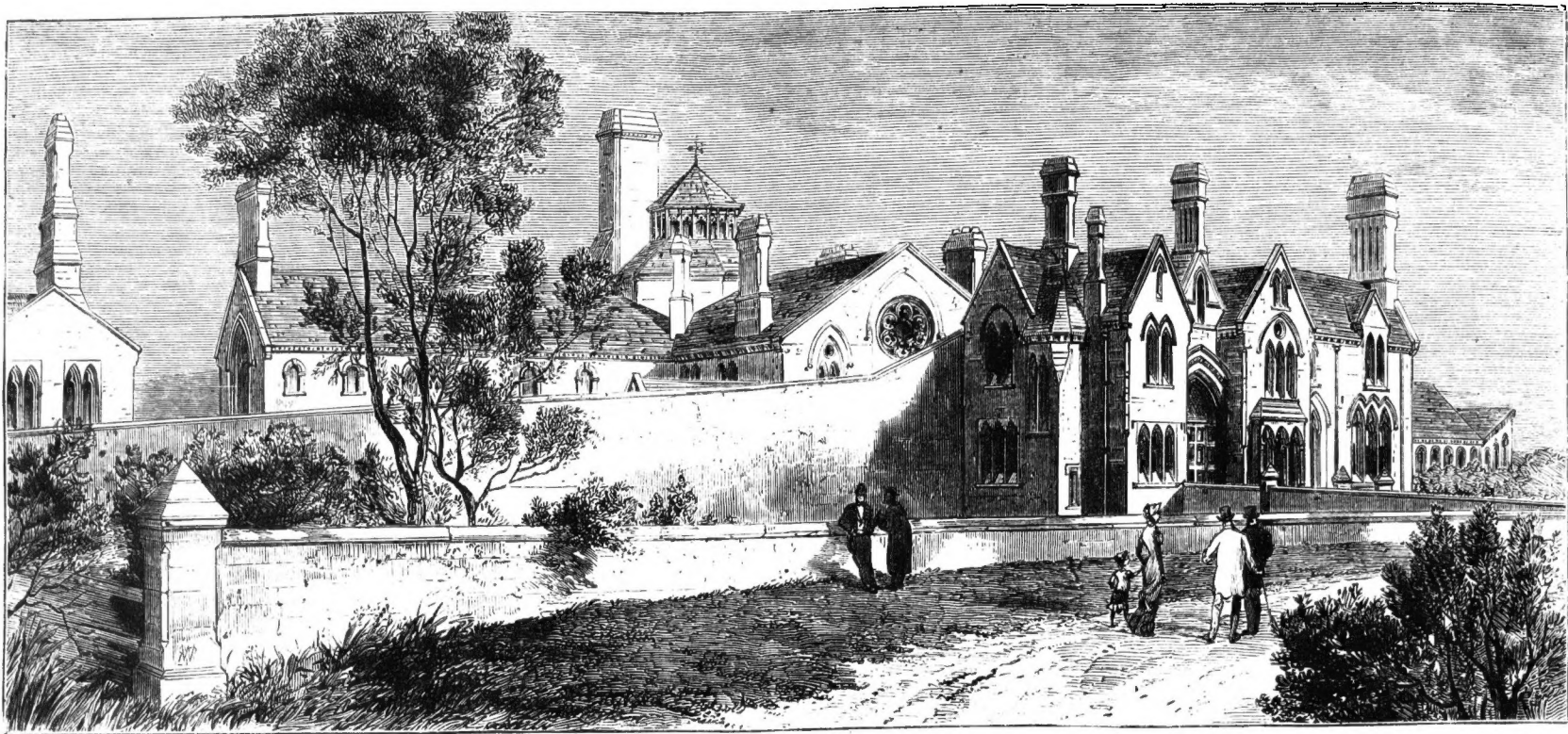
AFGHANISTAN

A CAMEL AMBULANCE AT KURRUM

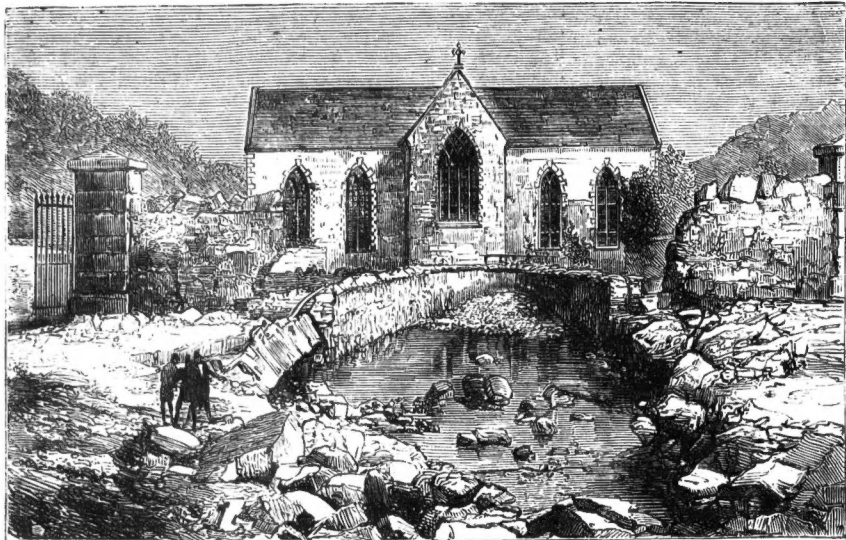
THE transport animals used in Afghanistan are bullocks, mules, ponies, donkeys, and camels, the last-mentioned of which are, perhaps, the most useful, as being more patient and enduring than the rest, and comparatively less expensive to keep. The ordinary gear of a pack camel consists of a straw-stuffed saddle secured by means of three ropes fastened around the neck, crupper, and girth, a fourth being used to lash the load upon the saddle. The ambulance camels, however, as will be seen in our engraving, are loaded pannier fashion, each bearing a pair of "Kajawas," made of wicker work, and variously designed, so that the invalids can lie down or sit up, as may be considered best in each particular case.—Our engraving is from a photograph kindly sent us by Colonel Murdall, 15, Eldon Road, S.W.

BRITISH OFFICERS KILLED DURING THE CAMPAIGN

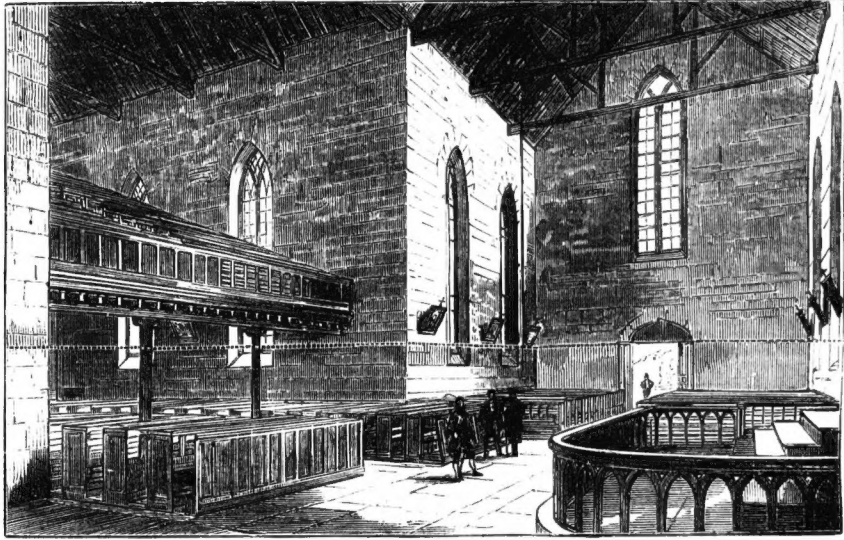
LIEUT. MAURICE EDWARD RAYNER had served with the 66th Regiment since February, 1875, when he joined as a Sub-Lieutenant. He had recently been selected for the Adjutancy.



THE EXILED FRENCH JESUITS — "ST. GERMANUS HOUSE," MOLD, FORMERLY THE COUNTY GAOL OF FLINTSHIRE

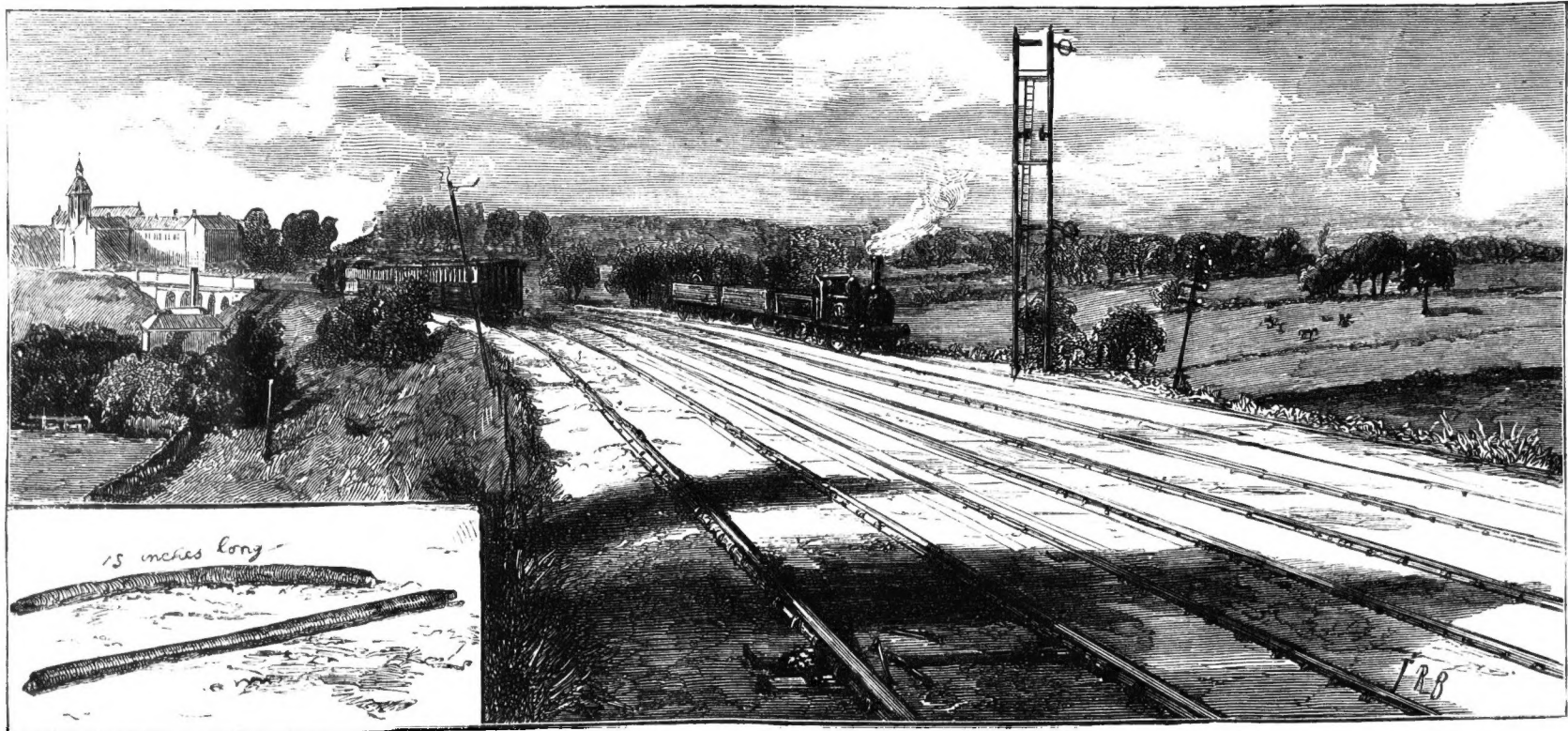


EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, WHICH WAS SUDDENLY FLOODED DURING DIVINE SERVICE

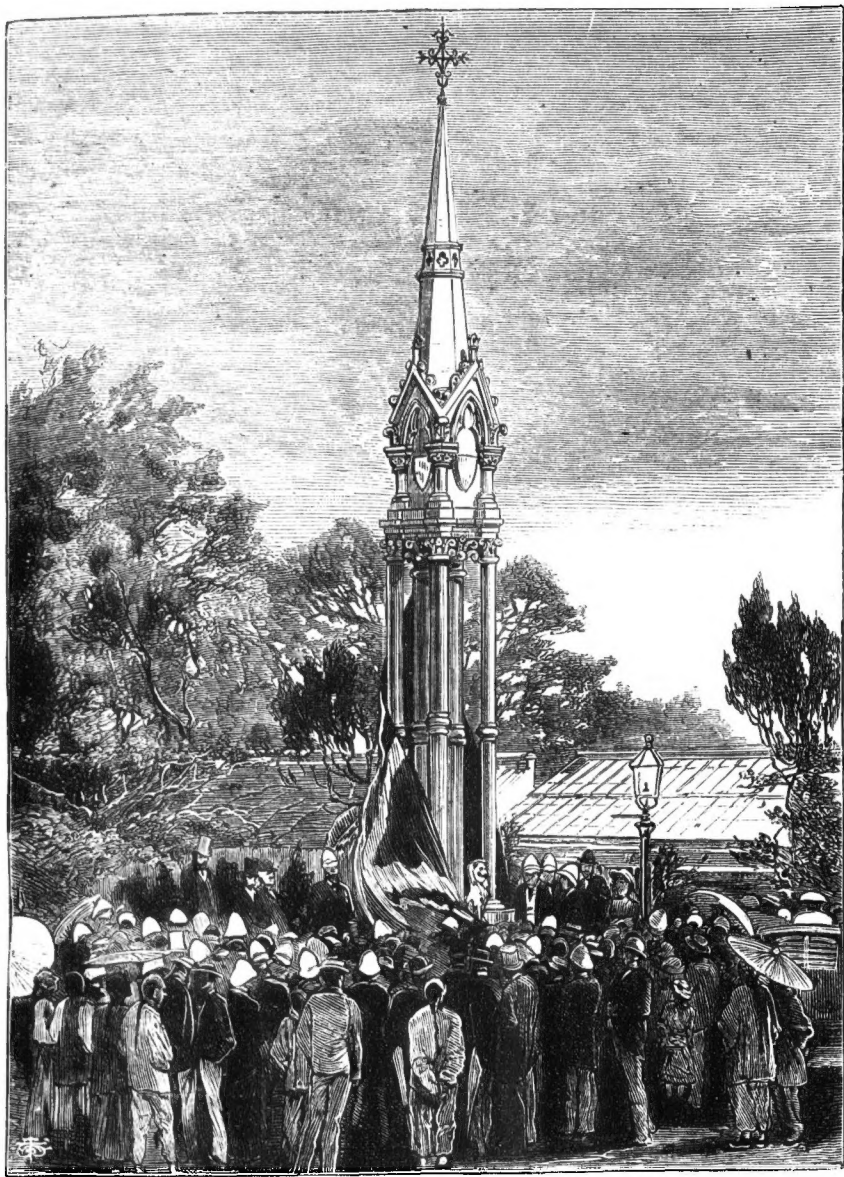


INTERIOR, FROM THE ALTAR
(The dotted line marks the height attained by the flood)

THE RECENT CATASTROPHE AT GWEEDORE, IRELAND



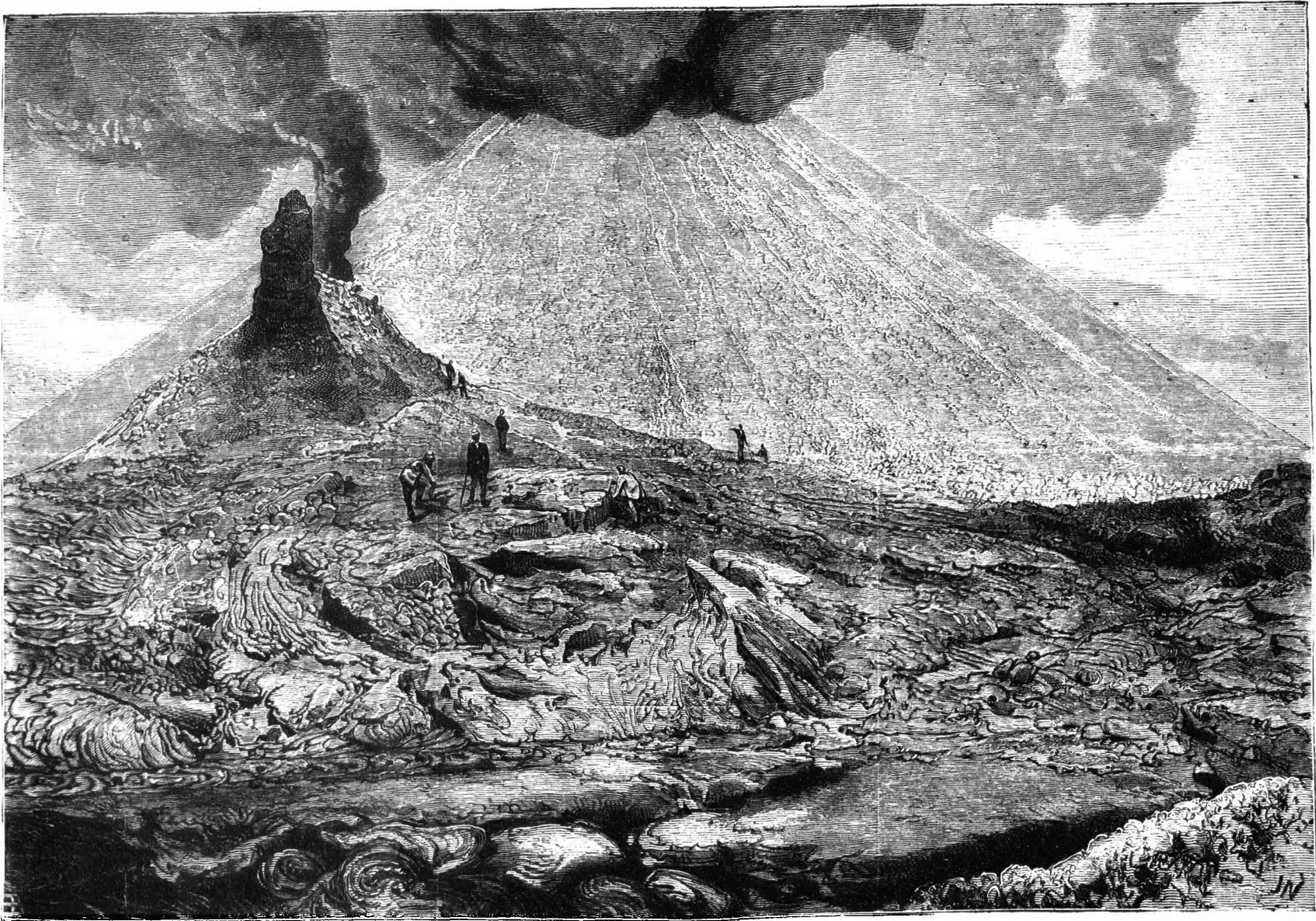
THE ATTEMPT TO DESTROY A TRAIN ON THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY—SPOT WHERE THE DYNAMITE WAS FOUND



MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MR. A. R. MARGARY—ERECTED AT SHANGHAI BY FOREIGN RESIDENTS IN CHINA



THE OURANG OUTANG AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM



THE LATEST ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

CAPTAIN W. H. M'MATH, of the 66th Regiment, joined the regiment from Sandhurst in August, 1865, purchased his Lieutenantcy in 1868, and obtained his company in 1877. When serving at Belgaum he was severely mauled by a tiger while hunting.

CAPTAIN WALTER ROBERTS, of the 66th Regiment, formerly belonged to the 3rd West India Regiment, but on its disbandment in 1870 was transferred to the 66th, and was Adjutant of the regiment from July, 1877, until November last, when he was promoted to his company.

LIEUTENANT CLEMENT GEORGE WHITBY was attached to the 1st Bombay Grenadiers as a probationer for the Staff Corps, and is down in the *Army List* as a subaltern in the 17th Foot. He was a son of Dr. Whitby, of Leamington, and a member of an old Staffordshire family, deriving its name from Whitby in Yorkshire, which, according to tradition, existed in the North of England at a date anterior to the Norman Conquest. He joined the army in February, 1875, had served throughout the whole of the Afghan campaign, was well known as a frequent contributor to the Indian journals, and, at the time General Burrows' expedition started, he was editing the *Candahar News*.

LIEUTENANT RICHARD TREVOR CHUTE, a nephew of General Trevor Chute, K.C.B., who commanded our forces during the second part of the New Zealand War, served in the Cavan Militia prior to joining the 66th Regiment as Second Lieutenant in October, 1877. He became Lieutenant in June, 1879, and was Commandant of the Ghizree Sanatorium.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CHARLES ASLETT had served in the 1st Bombay Native Infantry since June, 1874, and had been wing officer since November, 1878. He formerly belonged to the 108th Regiment.

The above mentioned officers all fell in the terrible disaster at Khushk-i-Nakhud on July 27th, when the British force under General Burrows lost no fewer than seven officers and about six hundred and sixty men, native and European.

MAJOR RICHARD LE POER TRENCH, who was killed in the sortie from Candahar on the 16th of August, was the son of the late Rev. R. Le Poer Trench, Rector of Longford, Ireland, and served about fifteen years with the 19th Regiment. He and Major Waudby were two of the finest officers in every way that could be found in any army, and their loss to their regiment and the service is great.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY F. BROOKE, who was also killed in the sortie from Candahar on the 16th of August, was the eldest son of Mr. and Lady Arabella Brooke, of Ashbrooke, Brookboro, County Fermanagh, Ireland. He was born in 1836, entered the army in 1854, joining the 48th Regiment, with which he served in the Crimea, and at the Siege of Sebastopol receiving the medal and clasp and the Turkish medal. Throughout the campaign in China of 1860 he was aide-de-camp to Sir R. Napier, taking part in the action of Sinho and Tanghai, the assault on the Taku Forts, where he was severely wounded, and the advance on and capture of Peking. For this he was awarded the China medal and two clasps, and promoted to a brevet major. He joined the Bengal Staff Corps in April, 1863, as Brigade-Major, and, after passing through various grades of promotion, was Deputy-Adjutant-General from January, 1876, to November, 1877, when he was transferred to the Bombay Corps as Adjutant. He was in command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade at Candahar, and it was by him that the fugitive remnant of General Burrows' Brigade, after the battle of Khushk-i-Nakhud, was met at Kokoran with a small force hastily selected from the garrison, and protected on the way to the citadel. General Brooke, who is the first general officer killed in action for more than twenty years, met his death while bravely endeavouring to carry off a wounded brother officer under heavy fire from the enemy.

MAJOR SIDNEY WAUDBY was the eldest son of the Rev. W. R. P. Waudby, of Market Harborough, and had served with the 19th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, of which he was for many years Adjutant, since 1849. He was killed in gallantly defending a small unprotected post when attacked by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, of whom he alone killed upwards of twenty. The morning after his dead body was discovered by General Brooke (since killed), with his favourite dog, desperately wounded by sword-cuts, lying over it.

Our portraits are from photographs: Major Waudby by A. Bassano, 72, Piccadilly, W.; Lieutenant Whitby by Baker and Burke, Punjab; and General Brooke, Major Trench, Captains Roberts and M'Math, and Lieutenants Aslett, Chute, and Kaynor by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

The New Novel, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is concluded this week.

PACHYDERMS AT PLAY

ALL the *Pachydermata*, or thick-skinned order of animals, are fond of wallowing and bathing. In this manner they seek to relieve the irritation produced by the stings of insects or by other causes. In the freedom of their native forests the dust or mud-bath is invariably followed by the water bath, but in captivity it is often easier to wallow than to bathe, and hence pigs are often unjustly accused of dirty habits because they are only able to carry out half the bathing-programme which Nature prescribes. Formerly, before our menageries attained their present excellence, many a show elephant never knew the luxury of a bath since he left his fatherland, and no wonder he often became diseased and ill-tempered. Contrariwise, if ever the elephants and hippopotami at the Zoological Gardens forget their captivity, it must be on some balmy summer's day, when the sun shines with a feeble imitation of Indian or African fervour, and when they plunge beneath the cool waters of their bath, drenching one another with showers of grateful liquid from Nature's patent india-rubber hose, and playing all kinds of delightfully unwieldy gambols.

GIBRALTAR

THESE engravings are from sketches by Captain Prevost, 93rd Highlanders, and are thus described by him:—

1. The Signal Station on the central point has recently been enlarged and improved. For forty miles through the Straits and eastwards shipping can be watched and reported in clear weather. It is reached by a good road from the Moorish Castle, and by a bridle-path from the south. The ascent by the old Moorish wall is very trying. It is a splendid walk from the town, and the artillery sergeant in charge of the station (who is a great florist), has always a good glass of beer and bread and cheese for travellers.

2. The Neutral Ground from the Galleries, the Race-course, Cricket Ground, and Rifle Ranges. The white stone sentry-boxes mark the Spanish lines, extending across the isthmus. Within the line is La Linea, a fast increasing town. The inhabitants live by Gibraltar, loading and unloading coal hulks, conveying charcoal and the daily supply of vegetables and fruit, grown on the sandy soil, which they make productive. Beyond is the rocky ridge, called the "Queen of Spain's Chair," where Her Majesty sat during the great siege. On the Mediterranean shore are the First and Second Towers, two meeting-places of the Calpe Hounds. In the far distance rise the mountains of Ronda.

3. This view is taken from the other side of the old Roman aqueduct, Algeciras. Often the summit is topped with a heavy cloud. To the left of Algeciras is the "Bull Ring," on the right the fort on the green island. In the foreground a magnificent

aqueduct in a good state of preservation. Three miles inland from this there is a picturesque waterfall, in a glen with cork trees—a favourite resort for pic-nic parties.

4. The view of O'Hara's Tower and the Mediterranean Steps, a steep ascent from near the Cottage, the Governor's summer residence at Europa Point. Below are seen Europa Barracks, now occupied by the 46th Regiment; Buena Vista, the quarters of the 93rd; and the Naval Hospital. In the distance rises Ape's Hill in Barbary. The distance across the Straits from Europa Lighthouse is thirteen miles.

5. Shows the bay and part of the town from above the Garrison Library, which is the finest out of England, and is the property of the garrison. It was originated in 1793 by Colonel Drinkwater, and contains 40,000 volumes. Algeciras, a town built by the Moors, is five miles across the bay, and contains 14,000 inhabitants.

6. Depicts the Rock from the Calpe Foundry, near the huts on the North Front, where troops are quartered for musketry. The celebrated Galleries are visible from here, and it is a fine sight, when the heavy guns are fired, to see the flame and smoke issuing from the portholes cut in the solid rock. There are two tiers, the Upper and the Lower. In the Upper there are two large halls, "St. George's" and "Cornwallis." These batteries afford flanking fire on the approaches to the Rock.

NOTES AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

THE Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show, which is held annually in August, is the great market for all classes of hunters and carriage-horses, and amongst the crowds which gather in the Society's grounds, many of the largest dealers from England and the Continent are met. The Horse Show week attracts large numbers of sight-seers and holiday folk to the Irish metropolis. The Irish hunter is celebrated for his jumping powers, and, therefore, the stone-wall competition naturally excites more than ordinary interest. Some of the incidents of the various contests are depicted in our engravings, which are from sketches by Mr. R. Miley, 36, York Road, Kingstown.

NOTE.—Mahomed Afzul Khan, whose portrait appeared in our issue of September 4th, is there described as being Abdurrahman's Ambassador, instead of which he is the British representative who was sent to arrange matters with the Ameer. Afzul Khan came to this country with the Prince of Wales, and remained here as one of the native equerries for several months. He is a pensioner of the Government, and Woodi Major of the 11th (Prince of Wales's) Bengal Lancers, and has been spoken of as the future native resident in Cabul to look after British interests.—The view of the Pyramid of Skulls, which appeared in our last week's issue, is from one of a collection of sketches made for Sir Grenville Temple, and now in the possession of Lieut. Colonel Mayfair, Consul General at Algiers, by whom it has been kindly lent.



POLITICAL SPEECHMAKING in the provinces has already begun. At a Liberal dinner at Aylesbury on Tuesday, Mr. Rupert Carrington, M.P., said that the Liberals had done more in the way of domestic legislation in a few months than the Tories would have done in 600 years; and Professor Thorold Rogers congratulated the borough on its Liberal success, and dwelt at some length on the difficulties which Mr. Gladstone's Administration had to face.—On the same day the Duke of Marlborough, addressing the Woodstock Agricultural Association, deprecated the recent legislation of the Government as conceived in a spirit calculated to injure rather than improve the relations between landlord and tenant; and defended the House of Lords as affording the best protection for the liberties of the people against democratic movements.—At another agricultural dinner, the Duke of Buccleuch said that the Navy was engaged in what seemed a most extraordinary proceeding—a demonstration to bully and overawe the poor Turk. And, after all, what could we do? We could only say, "Mind what you're about. We will fire our guns at you if you do not behave yourselves." Instead of leaving these people to fight it out between themselves, which would have been much better, we were running the risk of having some damage done to ourselves.—Mr. Childers, who is making a tour in Ireland, partly for pleasure and partly for the purpose of studying the Land Question, was presented with an address from the Town Commissioners of Ballyshannon, in reply to which he said that it was the desire of the Government to do all they could to improve the position of affairs in Ireland.

THE IRISH LAND AGITATION is being carried on with increased vigour. Mr. Parnell has made another characteristic speech, full of the most inflammatory language, and yet craftily qualified so as to make it possible for him to affirm that he deprecates anything like the lawless outrages which are now being hourly committed in some parts of the country. This, indeed, seems to be the cowardly policy adopted by most of the speakers at the land meetings. A great number of fresh outrages are reported, crops are being destroyed, cattle mutilated, and their owners either threatened or shamefully maltreated. A police circular has been issued from Dublin, reminding the heads of constabulary that it is unlawful for people to assemble with arms, or in numbers calculated to alarm officers of the law, and ordering them to send to the authorities (for prosecution) the names of persons taking part in any such proceedings.

THE SANITARY INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN opened its Annual Congress at Exeter on Tuesday, under the presidency of Lord Fortescue, who in his inaugural address traced the progress of sanitary reform for the past forty years, and complained that, while it was always praised in the abstract, it was always liable to incur Parliamentary and municipal opposition in practice. It was necessary to influence public opinion on behalf, not only of the principles, but its details, and he recommended to public sympathy and support the Ladies' Sanitary Association, whose special object was to diffuse knowledge and promote reform among the poor. The opening meeting was preceded by a luncheon at the Guildhall, and an exhibition of sanitary appliances was held in the new abattoirs recently erected by the Corporation. The sectional meetings were continued on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; and to-day (Saturday) will be devoted to excursions to Torquay and Ilfracombe.

THE IMPENDING COTTON STRIKE.—The weavers of Accrington have resolved to strike, as the millowners refuse the advance of wages which they claim, and decline to submit the dispute to arbitration. There is every probability of the strike and lock-out extending to Blackburn, Burnley, and other places, at some of which announcements have already been made that the mills will only be worked half time. At a meeting at Burnley on Tuesday it was stated that the cost of 20,000 weavers being out for two months would be 25,000*l.*, which sum would suffice to carry large numbers of them to America, and it was suggested that a gigantic scheme of emigration should be commenced.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The Board of Trade has issued a circular to Railway Directors containing Colonel Yolland's "warning reports" on the Berwick and Wenington disasters, and calling their special attention to the interlocking of points and signals, and to the block systems. The directors are also asked to furnish the department with an alphabetical return of all the stations on their

line, showing whether the points and signals at those stations are or are not interlocked with each other.

FALL OF A HOUSE IN OXFORD STREET.—At an early hour on Friday last the house and shop of Messrs. Cook and Burton, jewellers, next door to the Princess's Theatre, which had been shored up during the building operations which are going on there, suddenly collapsed; and the whole of the valuable stock-in-trade was buried in the ruins. Nine young men were in the habit of sleeping on the premises; and these, doubting the stability of the house, agreed to keep watch by turns through the night. It was well that they did so, for had the sleepers not been roused in time, they must inevitably have perished.

THE SEAHAM COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—The work of recovering the bodies and exploring the workings is still going on, the progress being slow on account of the immense quantities of fallen stone which have to be removed. Several funerals took place on Saturday and Sunday. On Monday the body of Henry Ramsay, who had been invalided from the army only three weeks before, and had worked in the pit only three days, was brought up, and identified by his parents, who on the previous day had followed another corpse to the grave, believing it to be that of their son. Many miners thrown out of work by the disaster are beginning to be in want, being unable to obtain work in other collieries on account of the loss of their tools. The relief movement is making satisfactory progress. Mr. Burt, M.P., having written to the Home Secretary asking whether it was true that he had expressed to Lord Castlereagh his satisfaction with the state and arrangements of the colliery, Sir W. V. Harcourt has replied that he gave no opinion which should in any way prejudice the question of responsibility for the explosion.

A MINING DISASTER of a singular character happened last week at the Eyam Lead Mines, in Derbyshire. Seven men were entombed by a sudden fall of the roof, caused by the flooding of the mine, but they were ultimately rescued, after being in the mine nearly forty hours.

AN INTERNATIONAL BALLOON CONTEST is being arranged for by the Balloon Society of Great Britain. The aeronauts will probably ascend from the Crystal Palace, and each will travel as far as the balloon will take him in a given time.

THE MANAGEMENT OF GUY'S HOSPITAL has been made the subject of a memorial from the St. Saviour's Board of Guardians to the Governors of the Hospital, who are asked to modify the system, so that all concerned may work more harmoniously.

STORMS, FLOODS, AND DISASTERS.—The storms and floods of Saturday and Sunday did much damage, both inland and round the coasts, the low-lying lands in many districts being inundated. Several wrecks are reported. The *Aurora*, of Dublin, foundered in the Bay of Biscay on Wednesday last week, and the master and fourteen of her crew were drowned, five seamen and two cattle drovers being picked up from a boat by another vessel, the *Griffin*, the captain of which had to throw fifty cattle overboard to save his own ship.—On Tuesday the South-Eastern Railway Company's steamer *Victoria* ran into Folkestone Pier and carried away her bowsprit and figurehead. The foremast also came down, breaking a seaman's leg, and otherwise injuring him.—On Sunday the *Paul Boyton* was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, the crew being taken off by the Deal and Ramsgate lifeboats.—Another river fatality occurred at Teddington on Friday through the capsizing of a boat containing three gentlemen and a lady. Three were saved; but the fourth, a Cambridge undergraduate named Humphrey, was drowned.

Mr. G. F. GRACE, the youngest of the famous cricketing family, died on Wednesday, at an hotel at Basingstoke, from inflammation of the lungs. He was but twenty-nine years of age, and though he had been ailing for some days, his illness was so slight that the unexpected report of his death was at first regarded as a hoax. It will be remembered that he did not exhibit his usual form in the great Australian contest, but since then he had played with success in another match.



THE revival of *The Corsican Brothers* at the LYCEUM will awaken many reminiscences in the minds of those whose acquaintance with the London theatres extends back to the days when the late Mr. Charles Kean was devoting the stage of the Princess's alternately to picturesque melodrama and gorgeous Shakespearian revivals. This effective piece was first represented in London in 1852. It was the custom of Mr. Kean at that time to keep a sharp look-out for dramas, produced in Paris, which appeared to furnish parts suited to the peculiarities of his style of acting; and it happened that shortly before that time there had been produced at the Théâtre Historique a melodrama, founded upon a ghost story by Alexandre Dumas, which seemed to be precisely the sort of thing for his purpose. There has been lately a public discussion regarding the *minutiae* of the history of this story which has, we fear, not been regarded by outsiders as worthy of the grave attention bestowed upon it. It suffices to say, that M. Dumas the elder, had heard from M. Louis Blanc—so runs the legend—an anecdote of two twin brothers much resembling each other "in form and feature," and endowed with so mysterious a psychological affinity that when the one, even at a great distance from the other, suffered any great misfortune, the twin-brother became half-conscious of the circumstance by reason of an unwonted sense of melancholy and depression. Prompted by this hint, M. Dumas wrote his sketch, which very gravely relates how this renowned romancist (for the narrative is written by him in the first person), happening to be in the island of Corsica, made the acquaintance of the old Corsican family of the Dei Franchi. Then follows the legend, in which the narrator plays the part of Chorus, now learning from the gloomy stay-at-home brother the circumstances of this strange peculiarity, now witnessing or gathering in Paris the circumstances in which the younger brother Louis is more directly concerned. The tale is in its essentials a mere incident of ghostly lore, such as romantic imaginations love to mingle with family history. Louis is slain in a duel by a heartless profligate, named Chateau Renaud, from whose insults the young Corsican had endeavoured to protect a young married lady. Meanwhile the elder brother, far away in his island home, is moved by strange apprehensions, which are confirmed by a vision, in which he beholds the whole scene of the duel in the forest of Fontainebleau. Hastening at once to Paris, Fabien halts on his way in the forest, and find himself on the very spot of the duel. An irresistible fate has at the same moment brought Chateau Renaud to this place of fatal associations. They fight, Chateau Renaud oppressed by a presentiment of his own doom; Fabien stern, inflexible, self-possessed, as one who is conscious of his mission to destroy. Thus the mysterious duality, which is the keynote of the story, receives its final touch; for the duel scene is almost exactly repeated—Chateau Renaud, in his turn, falling by a pistol-ball through the temple at the precise spot where the unfortunate Louis was struck. In the French play, founded on this story with M. Dumas's sanction—or probably at his request—the duel is with swords, which is a more effective style of fighting on the stage. In other respects the story is

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substantially reproduced. The part of Fabien suited well with Mr. Kean's peculiar faculty for suggesting strong will and inflexible purpose without noise or obtrusive effort; and the performance being aided by clever mechanical contrivances which rendered the ghost and vision scenes remarkably impressive, the version prepared by Mr. Boucicault for Mr. Kean's use enjoyed a degree of success which is sufficient to explain, and, perhaps, to justify, Mr. Irving's determination to revive the play.

On the whole, however, the performance on Saturday last did not fulfil the high expectations that had been formed. Mr. Irving excels rather in picturesque outbursts and strong exhibitions of passion than in the deadly quiet which gave to Mr. Kean's impersonation of this character, and of such parts as the hero of the melodrama called *Pauline*, so singular a fascination. He is too prone to seek effects in gesture and movement to be able to build up, as it were, the character of the older brother in the mind of the audience by less startling means. He seemed to have felt that variety of some sort was necessary to give relief, whereas in this case a sort of monotone of melancholy is almost essential. Thus he employs his usual quick transitions of manner, sudden changes of tone, and abrupt movements where Mr. Kean, like the hero of Lord Beaconsfield's *Alarcos*, was "haunted by presaged gloom." Where Mr. Kean was subdued, though certainly not wanting in force and intensity within the limits of the sombre tone of the situation, he is restless and easily excited. Mr. Irving's strongly marked peculiarities also prevent his giving to the lighter part of the brother the degree of contrast which the late Mr. Fechter, the original representative of the brothers in the French play, made so effective. There is in *The Corsican Brothers* no heroine, unless Madame de Lesparre, the lady whose wrongs give rise to the first duel, can be so called. Miss Fowler made of this part perhaps as much as could be made with so purely incidental a personage. Mr. Ferriss, having acquired a recognised position as a representative of accomplished and fascinating villains, is very naturally entrusted with the part of Chateau Renaud, in which he wants nothing but the commanding figure and imposing airs which seem necessary to suggest the professional duellist and professed lady-killer. A quiet and finished performance by Mr. Pinerio of the little part of Meynard, the visitor of the Corsican family, deserves mention. Unfortunately we cannot accord like praise to this gentleman's impersonation of the elderly love-sick Italian, in his own little drama, called *Bygones*, produced by way of after-piece on the same occasion—both the acting and the piece being characterised by a rather strained sentimentality. Mr. Mead and Mr. Johnson, as the quarrelsome, vindictive Corsicans, Orlando and Colonna, perform with an excellent feeling for character, and for the humour of the situation, in which they are prominent factors. In the way of scenic effects, costumes, and accessories in general, the revival is worthy of all praise. The hall and terrace of the Corsican chateau, the masked ball at the Paris Opera House, and, above all, the forest sunset scene, by Mr. Hawes Craven, are admirable examples of legitimate scenic illustration. Unfortunately the ghost failed to sustain his old reputation for impressiveness. Whether his gradual rise as he moves across the stage, by the aid of Mr. Boucicault's mechanical contrivance, was too slow, or whether his position at the back of the scene was too cramped, or from what other cause the disappointment arose, the apparition, if it did not altogether forfeit respect, certainly failed to strike awe.

Mr. J. S. Clarke's return to the HAYMARKET, which theatre remains under his management during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, has been attended with a revival of an old comedy by Mr. Buckstone, called *Leap Year*, performed for the first time on Monday last. The piece is understood to have been modified and reduced to its present form in two acts by the late author. It is an extravagantly farcical production, in which a widow lady being left a large fortune by her late husband, on the curiously topsy-turvy condition of her remarrying within a limited period, delays the fulfilment of her obligation so long that she is at length compelled to make her choice, and actually to propose herself in order to save time. The object of her selection is her own footman, but as he proves to be a gentleman in disguise, and is no other than the contingent reversioner (represented by Mr. Conway), who has taken this means of studying the character of the lady before making her a matrimonial offer by way of amicable arrangement of their conflicting interests, no harm is done. Before this, however, a widow-lady friend and adviser, a part very amusingly played by Mrs. John Wood, has persuaded her to invite on a visit another suitor, in the person of Dr. David Dimple (played by Mr. J. S. Clarke), who, though a good-natured and honourable gentleman, proves to be of too ricketty and erratic a disposition for the widow's taste, and hence is finally chosen by the less fastidious widow-friend. Mr. Clarke's performance both as the too forward and obstreperous suitor of the one lady, and the too bashful object of the other lady's "leap year" attentions, provokes great merriment. When we add that the piece terminates by a general pairing-off—even the servant maids proposing to the male domestics of the household, it will be seen that the farcical spirit is predominant to the last. The ever popular *Widow Hunt*, in which Mr. Clarke again sustains the character of Wellington de Boots, forms the after-piece of the programme.

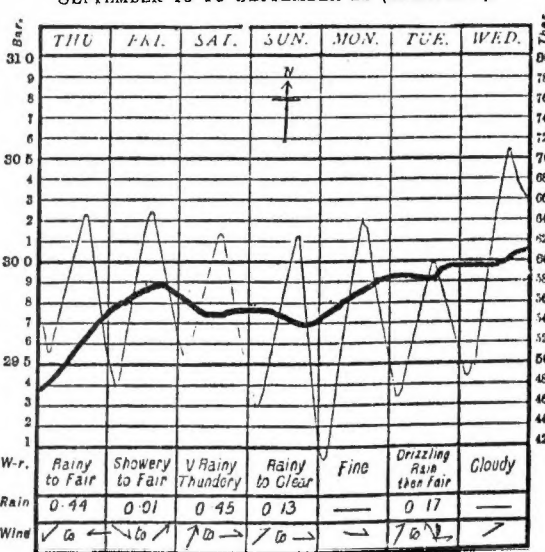
MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT will reopen for the autumn season on Monday, October 4th. A new first part, and a new musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, will be produced soon after the opening.

THAMES STREET.—Periodically there are published carefully-compiled statistics of the number of persons who have been fatally injured in what are called street accidents. The majority of these melancholy casualties are due to the overcrowded vehicular traffic of the metropolis, and furious or careless driving, &c., but contributory to the sad total are the many accidents that daily occur through precipitate descents into yawning and unguarded warehouse cellars, and the crushing fall of bales and boxes while being raised by means of the crane to upper floors. Strangely enough, however, and the more so to any one who has an intimate knowledge of the locality, Thames Street does not figure conspicuously as a scene of such disaster. With Billingsgate Market in its midst, the crushing and crowding and deafening uproar of contentious carmen commences at first peep of daylight, and with little relaxation it continues until long after the darkness of night has set in. Considering its importance, Thames Street is the most inconvenient street in all London, and perilous alike to those whose business lies in the road, and those who struggle to make headway on its—in places—not more than ell-wide foot pavement. Fully aware that to step or to be hustled off the slippery kerbing and into the road is to be crushed beneath horses' hoofs or wagon wheels, the politest pedestrian can afford to yield the wall to no man, but holds his own as well as he may. At distances of a score yards or so, at the path edge, are massive iron posts, and when they were originally placed there doubtless they were quite round, but impinging wheel-tires grinding against them all day long have spoilt their roundness, and the outer face of each is flat as a pancake, and so precious is space that, in order to give the thousands who throng the narrow slip of pavement an inch or two more, in many cases the flat sides of the iron posts have been turned inward; but, whichever side it is, it is anything but a pleasant sensation to be passing between a post and the houses at the moment when the wheel of a heavily-laden Pickford is whirling against the protecting iron with a noise like that of knife-grinding. Nor is this the worst of the perilous pass in question. From one

end to the other, and at all hours of the day, waggons are being unloaded, and their contents hoisted high overhead for stowage in the upper floors of the tall warehouses—casks and barrels and iron-bound boxes and mighty bales of wool and cases of bacon and bales of leather, and, considering that at any moment a chain might slip or a rope break, it is next to a miracle that of all who pass that way so few are killed or wounded.

COURT-MARTIAL FORMALITIES.—The acquittal of Sergeant Marshman by the Gosport Court-Martial has been very generally approved, and the public will be glad to learn that an application is to be made to the Government to restore to him the money which he has spent in his defence, and which represents, it is said, the savings of thirty years. The result of the inquiry is nevertheless not altogether satisfactory either to the members of the National Rifle Association or to the general public, for the evidence, vague and inconclusive as it unquestionably was, seemed to show clearly enough that the marking arrangements at Wimbeldon are not so reliable as they might be. It would not, we should imagine, be a matter of insuperable difficulty to devise a system of recording shots which should be so far mechanical and automatic as to insure perfect accuracy, and, at the same time preclude all possibility of fraud or collusion. It is, however, rather with the manner than the matter of the Gosport investigations that we would now speak. The Military Court was engaged for twenty-six days in testing the merits of a case which any civil magistrate would have disposed of in less than the same number of hours. The proceedings were conducted with all the ancient and irritating formalities which most people believed to have been abolished when the Army Discipline Act took the place of the old Mutiny Act. First came the reading of charges of absurd technicality and prolixity, needlessly multiplied, and day by day the antiquated custom of writing down and handing the document from one officer of the Court to another, before it was put to the witness under examination, was punctiliously observed, as were all the other obstructive practices of courts-martial—the written addresses, the technical objections, and the adjournments for deliberation thereon. All this, of course, cost money as well as time, and was not only annoying to the public, which awaited the issue with considerable anxiety, but must also have been excessively inconvenient to many of the witnesses, who had, we think, another ground of complaint in the locale chosen for the sitting of the Court. An inquiry of such public importance ought certainly to have been held in London, not in an out-of-the-way place like Gosport. But all these considerations sink into insignificance before the startling anomaly to which attention has already been called in *The Times*, namely, that the functions of the prosecutor and the judge are virtually combined in the same person, Mr. Staveley Hill, who is the counsel for the Admiralty, and also holds the office of Judge Advocate of the Fleet, in which capacity it would be his duty to advise the confirming authorities as to the legality of the proceedings. The awkwardness of such an arrangement in the event of any difference of opinion as to a legal point arising between the prosecutor and the court is manifest, and, curiously enough, such an incident did actually occur during the Gosport trial. The nominal prosecutor sought to make comments which the Court, acting on the advice of the Deputy Judge-Advocate, refused to hear. The real prosecutor—the counsel to the Admiralty and the Judge-Advocate of the Fleet—strenuously pressed the point against the ruling of his judicial subordinate, but ultimately, after a private conference, he gave way. "But," says the writer in *The Times*, "Mr. Hill might still, as Judge-Advocate, overrule the decision of the Court, and uphold the propriety of his own contention as prosecutor." Such a condition of things needs little comment. It is only too clear that the work intended to be done by the Army Discipline Act of 1879 remains yet to be accomplished, and it is to be hoped that when it is again attempted it will be done in an efficient manner.

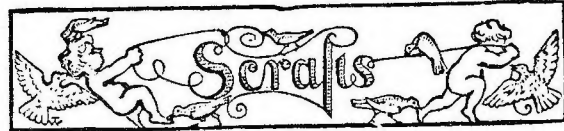
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK SEPTEMBER 16 TO SEPTEMBER 22 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has again been in a very unsettled condition. The week opened with a rising barometer, easterly breezes, and an improving sky, but this state of things did not continue long, for on Friday evening (17th inst.) the mercury began once more to fall, the wind shifted through north-west to south-west, and the weather again assumed a very unsettled appearance. Saturday (18th inst.) opened with steady rain, and after a few hours' clearance about the close of the morning a very violent squall of rain and hail succeeded, with thunder and lightning in some parts of the metropolis. The latter part of Saturday (18th inst.) was much finer, but on Sunday morning (19th inst.) more rain fell, the weather again clearing in the afternoon of the day. On Monday (20th inst.) the barometer rose pretty steadily, and the weather all day was brilliantly fine, the wind being light from the west north-westward, but on Tuesday (21st inst.) the barometric rise ceased and drizzling rain fell, while towards the close of the day a good deal of fog was reported. On Wednesday (22nd inst.), however, the weather was once more fine and bright, although apparently not yet settled. Temperature has been rather below the average for the season, especially on Tuesday (21st inst.), when the maximum was not higher than 60°. On Wednesday (22nd inst.), however, the weather was much warmer, the thermometer in the course of the afternoon rising to 71° in the shade. The barometer was highest (30.12 inches) on Wednesday (22nd inst.); lowest (29.37 inches) on Thursday (16th inst.); range, 0.75 inches. Temperature was highest (71°) on Wednesday (22nd inst.); lowest (40°) on Monday (20th inst.); range, 31°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 1.20 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.45 inches, on Saturday (18th inst.).

THE GALLANT LEADERS OF THE BELGIAN AFRICAN EXPEDITION, Messrs. Carter and Cadenhead, whose death had hitherto been only briefly reported, fell in a tribal skirmish. The two explorers were following a short cut from Karema to the coast, when the robber chiefs, Mirambo and Simba, attacked a village in which they were resting for the night, plunder being the object of the raid. Although the Englishmen avoided taking either side of the contest, Mr. Cadenhead was shot in the back, either by accident or design, and Captain Carter, roused by his comrade's death, joined the fight, killing some thirty men before he was himself shot through the head. Nearly all the travellers' followers were massacred.



M. VICTOR HUGO brings out a new poem next month, "L'Ame."

THREE HUNDRED ARCADES or Passages exist in Paris. The oldest, the Passage Saulnier, was opened in 1787.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM will shortly receive some valuable Natural History specimens collected by the *Alert* during her recent survey of the Straits of Magellan.

A MEMORIAL TABLET TO GEORGE STEPHENSON has been placed in the Turin Railway Station, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the first railway between Liverpool and Manchester.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY will be given for the last time to-morrow (Sunday). A troop of wandering Bavarians, by the way, are now perambulating Belgian villages and small towns, where they represent a Passion-Play of their own, consisting solely of tableaux, with no dialogue.

THE TEUTONIC ELEMENT IN HUNGARY grows gradually more unpopular, and patriotic Magyars are endeavouring to put down the use of the German language. Thus the Pesth Municipality refuse their usual subsidy to the German theatre, and it is seriously proposed to suppress all German newspapers published at Pesth, including such important journals as the *Lloyd* and the *New Pesth Journal*.

THE ORANGE CROP IN FLORIDA is a total failure this year, having been ruined by the same hurricane which recently destroyed so much shipping—including the *Vera Cruz*—on the southern coast. Unfortunately the fruit was then full grown, this season being unusually productive, and the State will feel the loss greatly, as the Florida orange trade yearly becomes more important, millions being exported.

A NUMBER OF M. GUSTAVE DORÉ'S PICTURES are being exhibited at the News-room Art Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, this being the first time any of the artist's larger works have been shown out of London. The paintings have been exhibited for some years at the Doré Gallery, and include, amongst others, such well-known works as "The Christian Martyrs," "The Brazen Serpent," "Les Ténébres," and the "Gambling Rooms at Baden-Baden."

THE NATIVE INDUSTRIAL ART EXHIBITION shortly to be held at Simla promises to be highly successful. Admirable specimens of local industries are being sent in from all parts of India, and the Punjab pottery, the Madras and Benares brassware, and Bombay carved woodwork, will be particularly well represented. Native schools of art will also contribute largely, the most interesting selection coming from Madras—a collection representing the application of native art to useful objects. Loans of objects from Afghanistan will fill up the odd corners of the Exhibition.

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD now reaches 1,455,923,500 souls, according to the latest calculations of the German statisticians, Behm and Wagner, who publish about every two years an account of the area and population of the globe. Since their last issue, nineteen months ago, the earth claims 16,778,000 additional inhabitants. In Europe dwell 315,929,000 persons; in Asia, 834,707,000; in Africa, 205,679,000; in America, 95,495,500; in Australia and Polynesia, 4,031,000; and in the Polar Regions 82,000. Coming to countries we find that Great Britain and Ireland in 1879 possessed 34,517,000 inhabitants.

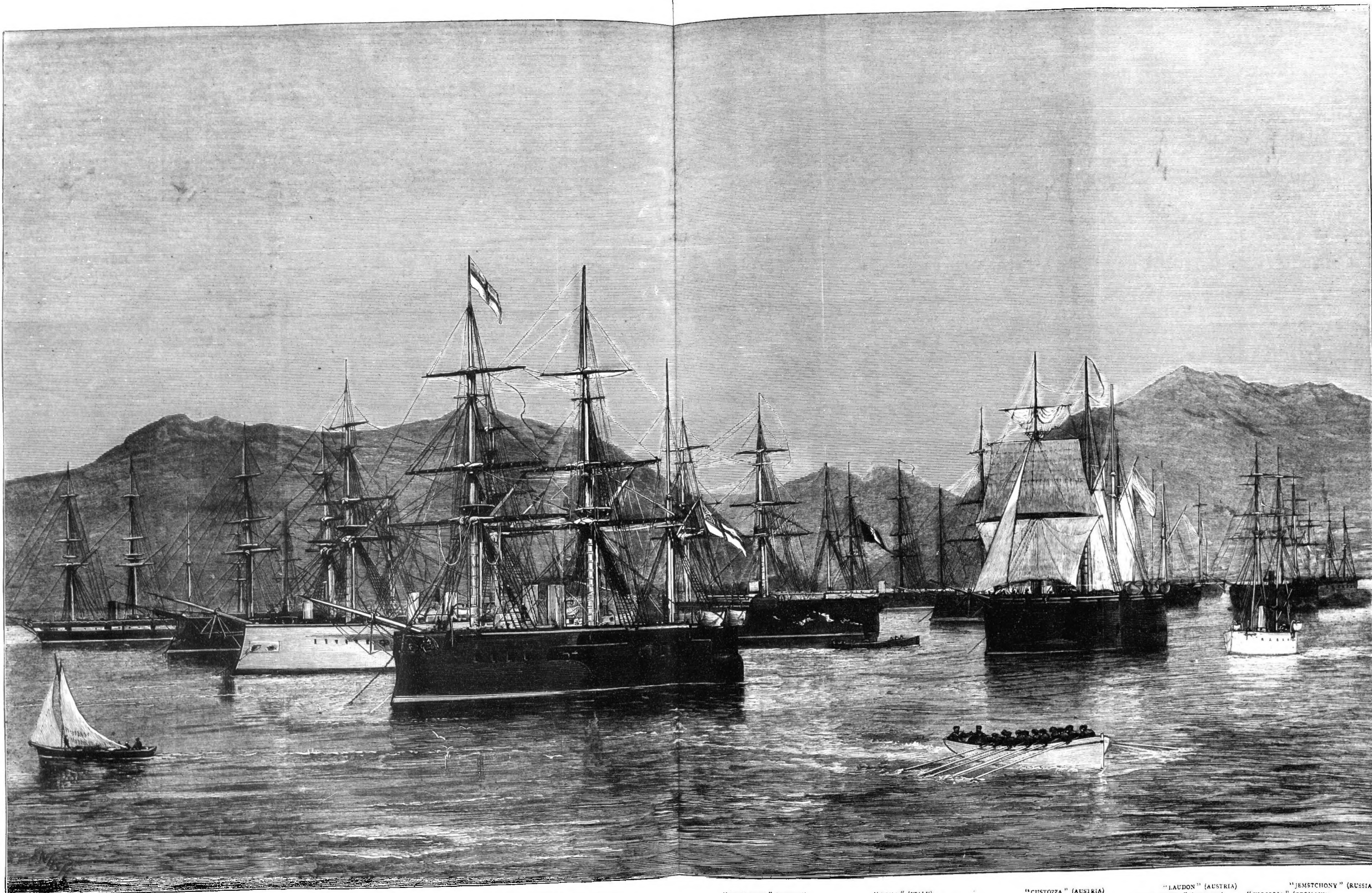
A COLOSSAL PAINTING of the Battle of Agincourt, containing over 1,000 figures, is now on view at the Guildhall. It was executed by Sir R. K. Porter—who painted the "Siege of Seringapatam"—when only nineteen, and was presented to the London Corporation in 1819. Owing to its enormous size—100 feet long and 30 feet deep—the picture has been cut into three portions, the middle division depicting the retreat of the French army and the advance of the English forces. Although used occasionally at the Mansion House as a screen, it has usually remained hidden amongst various civic lumber, but now a committee will decide on the possibility of mounting and restoring the work.

THE COMPLETION OF STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL, by adding another tower and various internal decorations, is being discussed in Germany. Now that their own Dom is finished, the influential Cologne Builders' Society wish to utilise their large funds in completing other national monuments, and hesitate between Ulm and Strassburg Cathedrals. A beautiful design for the Strassburg Tower was made years ago by a Prussian architect, but there is a strong feeling throughout Alsace against any alteration of the building, while German Protestants urge that it would be more fair to finish the façade of Ulm Minster—the largest Evangelical Church of the Empire; more particularly as the Protestants contributed so much money to the Cologne works.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,438 against 1,391 in the previous seven days, being a rise of 47, and 87 above the average, while the death-rate, which had been declining for seven weeks, rose to 20.5 per 1,000. There were 214 deaths from diarrhoea (a decrease of 9), 50 from scarlet fever (a fall of 5), 24 from fever (an increase of 6), 17 from whooping-cough (a decline of 2), 12 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), 10 from measles (an increase of 3), and 3 from small-pox (a fall of 2). There were 2,382 births registered, a decrease of 81, and 43 below the average. The mean temperature was 55.7 deg., 1.7 deg. below the average; and there were 21.1 hours of bright sunshine out of the 88.3 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.

A SEASIDE BRANCH OF THE METROPOLITAN CONVALESCENT INSTITUTION is shortly to be built at Bexhill, near St. Leonard's. Two Convalescent Homes of the Association, one at Walton, the other at Kingston Hill, have existed for some years, and are entirely dependent on voluntary aid, but a donor has offered 6,500l. towards a seaside establishment on condition that it is begun at once. A good site to accommodate 100 inmates has been procured, but the cost of land, building, and furnishing will amount to 12,000l., so the Committee intend at present only to complete sufficient house room for fifty persons. Unfortunately they cannot fit up the building until further funds are forthcoming. Mrs. T. Brassey will lay the foundation stone early in October. Contributions will be received by the Secretary, Mr. C. Holmes, 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, at the London Joint Stock Bank, 69, Pall Mall, and by Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross.

THE SOUTH LONDON FINE ART EXHIBITION, which has been open for the last three months at the Working Men's College and Free Library, Lambeth, has been highly appreciated by the neighbouring working classes. It has now closed after being visited by over 3,000 persons, exclusive of children, but, unfortunately, the pecuniary results are very small, the donations—all in small sums—only amounting to 2l., while the expenses reached 50l. The Exhibition was free, and was the second held in South London. Talking of picture-galleries, the Yorkshire Fine Art Society has opened its Autumn Exhibition at Leeds, which is said to be specially good. In five days paintings to the value of 800l. have been sold. Brighton too has opened her annual collection of oil paintings at the Pavilion, numbering 650 works; while the Birmingham Art Gallery project prospers, 14,000l. having been collected towards acquiring and stocking a suitable building.



"SVETLAND" (RUSSIA)

"SUFFREN" (FRANCE)

"TIMERAIRE" (ENGLAND)

"ALEXANDRA" (ENGLAND)
Flagship of Sir F. B. Seymour, Admiral in Command

"FRIEDLAND" (FRANCE)

"ROMA" (ITALY)

"PALESTRO" (ITALY)

"CUSTOZZA" (AUSTRIA)

"LAUDON" (AUSTRIA)
"FRINZ EUGEN" (AUSTRIA)

"JEMSTCHONV" (RUSSIA)
"VICTORIA" (GERMANY)

TURKEY AND THE POWERS—THE INTERNATIONAL FLEET OFF RAGUSA



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Dulcigno difficulty has entered upon a more active phase. While Turkey and the Powers continue to interchange protests and warnings, the Albanians have drawn their forces closer round Dulcigno, and indeed it was at one time stated that they had turned out the Turkish garrison of Dulcigno, and occupied the town and fortress themselves. The leading inhabitants have announced that they will burn the town rather than surrender, while Riza Pasha strenuously urges the Albanian League to yield, and threatens force in the event of non-compliance. This renewed energy is due to a peremptory summons received from Admiral Seymour bidding him immediately hand over Dulcigno to its new owners. His answer is awaited before the allied squadron takes any further step, and Sir F. Seymour has gone to Cattaro to meet Lord Walter Kerr, who will bring back the reply. Even if honest in his professed intention to assist the cession, Riza has not sufficient trustworthy troops to overpower the Albanians, while the contradictory directions received from Constantinople and the fear of the Albanian League hamper his movements on all sides. The Sultan can, however, no longer plead that he has not been officially informed of the Naval Demonstration. On receiving the Collective Note of the Powers which refused the line of frontier proposed in the previous Turkish Circular, Turkey almost simultaneously sent to her representatives abroad a violent protest against the Naval Demonstration, styling such a proceeding an unfair pressure on her sovereign rights, and demanding whether it would be given up on the cession of Dulcigno, whether the inhabitants would be protected, and whether the line of *status quo* near Podgoritz would be accepted. Further, the Note warned the Powers that the presence of the allied squadron seriously endangers the tranquillity of the Empire, even to its most remote corner in Asia, and declined all responsibility in the event of serious consequences. To this the Powers promptly replied by a formal notification of the Naval Demonstration, presented on Tuesday, the Note being further stated to contain a warning that if Dulcigno is not surrendered within a few days, Admiral Seymour will at once proceed to active operations. Indeed, Abdul Hamid has been alarmed in real earnest by Admiral Seymour's ultimatum, and has spent hours with his Council, endeavouring to find a way out of the difficulty.

Every preparation is being made for the fleet to move. Soundings have been taken all along the coast, and the foreign consuls at Scutari have been summoned to remove their families, while, as the weather is fast breaking up, speedy action becomes more than ever necessary. Meanwhile the Montenegrins are waiting patiently at Antivari, having pushed forward their outposts to the present frontier. They seem very hopeful of an easy success when it comes to the actual point of fighting, for the Albanians are mainly collected in small bodies, and are badly off for artillery even in Dulcigno, where many of the guns date from the time of the Venetian dominion. At Podgoritz the Montenegrin commander has imprisoned the chief Mahomedans of the town. The Porte has also protested against the Montenegrin concentration at Antivari, and alleges that if the Black Mountaineers enter upon a warlike course, the efforts of the Turkish Government towards a peaceful arrangement will be effectually stifled. Constantinople is gradually becoming aroused to the danger of the situation, and public opinion is more pacifically inclined. The present Cabinet is unpopular with the Turks at large, and its formation is generally attributed to Russian influence.

In ARMENIA the Kurds continue very troublesome, and have now completely devastated thirteen villages.

FRANCE.—The fall of M. de Freycinet has produced the most intense excitement throughout the country. For some time past it had been clearly seen that the Minister was too independent of M. Gambetta for his own security, but the sudden Ministerial change came at last as a perfect surprise. Professedly due to the religious Decrees, the split in the Cabinet is very generally ascribed to the foreign policy, although this view of the question has been semi-officially denied, while there is but one opinion that M. Gambetta has precipitated the present situation. To briefly trace the course of the crisis, however. After two days' lengthy discussion, matters were supposed to be satisfactorily settled on Friday night, it having been resolved to postpone the execution of the Decrees until after the decision of the Tribunal des Conflits. M. Constans, who was strongly opposed to M. de Freycinet's conciliatory policy, yielding for the present. Subsequently M. Constans saw M. Gambetta, and next morning he sent in his resignation to M. de Freycinet, who rushed off to the Elysée at seven A.M. to stop President Grévy, just departing to entertain a large shooting party in the Jura. The Ministers of War and Justice next resigned, but after vigorous negotiations a compromise was effected, and the Ministers were once more united. M. Constans, however, at once sent off a note to the Press, implying that M. de Freycinet had made material concessions. This statement immediately resulted in the Premier's resignation, the Ministers of Public Works and Marine following suit. All attempts at reconciliation being useless, M. Ferry undertook to reform the Cabinet, himself becoming Premier, and while retaining his own portfolio of Public Instruction, kept the other Ministers in their former positions, and filled the vacant posts by new men. The most important appointment is that of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, M. Thiers' old Secretary, to the Foreign Office. It is expected that the new Cabinet will issue a highly pacific circular to their foreign representatives, to allay all fear of an introduction of warlike policy. M. de Freycinet's dignified retirement is greatly applauded, M. Grévy being especially sorry to part with him. M. Gambetta is now universally called upon to come forward, and, instead of working in the background and upsetting Ministries when they venture to differ from him, to boldly take an open share of responsibility as Premier. Friends and foes alike demand this step, and even his most ardent supporters warn M. Gambetta that he will gradually but surely lose influence by persisting in his present course.

M. Ferry's nomination as Premier assures the firm execution of the March Decrees, which he himself compiled. Thus the religious Congregations have received a Government Circular acknowledging the receipt of the Declaration, and requesting them at once to seek legalisation. Now that M. de Freycinet has fallen, the true history of the "Declaration" comes out. It seems that negotiations with the Vatican were pursued for some time before the Montauban speech, and that hints of the Declaration were freely given. When the document appeared, however, it was less complete than had been expected.

Whilst the Ministerial crisis was at its height, St. Germain was busy unveiling a statue of M. Thiers, amidst pouring rain, and not a single representative of the Government attended to do honour to the first President of the Third Republic. It is curious how little interest altogether was felt in the ceremony, considering the universal homage paid by France to M. Thiers remains only three years ago; but various Societies, innumerable firemen, and a few guests did their best to fill up the vacuum, and there were capital speeches from MM. Mignet, Jules Simon, and Legouvé. The statue, by M. Mercié, is an admirable likeness, and shows M. Thiers seated holding a map of France, in which he points to Belfort.

The cooler weather has greatly improved the atmosphere of Paris, but has not chilled the feelings of a large portion of her inhabitants. Thus a most violent meeting of Communists has been held at the Salle Lévis; M. Félix Pyat has brought out a virulent journal, *La Commune*, in which he demands "no more priests, no more kings, no more masters," and M. Aurélien Scholl, the well-known journalist, has been dangerously injured by the Comte de Dion on a trivial pretext. Dramatic circles are very lively. The Odéon has opened with a badly-constructed drama, *Les Parents d'Alice*, by M. Garraud, and a pseudo-Greek trifle, *La Peau de l'Archonte*, by M. Liquier; while the Nouveautés has produced an amusing musical farce, *La Voyage en Amérique*, by MM. Boucheron and Raymond, its chief point being a parody by M. Hervé of the "Marseillaise."

GERMANY.—The manoeuvres are over, guests and soldiers alike have departed, and Berlin is as dull as ever. The Emperor was also to have left to attend some cavalry evolutions near Cologne; but he caught cold, and was over-tired by his recent exertions, so that he was obliged to keep his room. He is now able to drive out again, and will shortly go to Baden until October 15th, when he will attend the solemn inauguration of Cologne Cathedral. Prince Bismarck is considering how he can improve the condition of the working classes, who continue in a great state of discontent. Thus the Socialists are at work again, and a large quantity of revolutionary literature has been seized in Berlin.

The French Ministerial crisis has reawakened the anti-Gambettist feelings which have slumbered for some weeks. The Press construes the change as a return to the revenge policy, and, like many in France, deem it due to foreign, not religious, affairs, while the *Tagblatt* sneeringly observes that it is of little consequence who are the ostensible Ministers, seeing that they are but "marionettes of M. Gambetta, the Apostle of Revenge." Another journal warns M. Grévy that he has dug his own grave, and that he will certainly be speedily overthrown by M. Gambetta, whose name means war against the Church and revenge against Germany.

ITALY celebrated on Monday the tenth anniversary of the completion of Italian unity by the taking of Rome. Hitherto the rejoicings in the capital have been on a very small scale, but this year the Government joined in heartily, and the Roman streets were crowded, and gay with bunting, the Foreign Embassies hanging out their flags with that of Italy for the first time since 1870. A splendid procession, headed by the Municipality in their State carriages, and brightened by forty-two banners offered to Rome by the provinces, marched to the Pantheon, where they were received by the Ministry and Deputies, and laid wreaths on Victor Emanuel's tomb. The whole party then adjourned to the Porta Pia, where the Italian troops entered Rome, and concluded their rejoicings with several speeches. The evening was wet, so the illuminations were deferred till the next night, when all Rome was abroad. In commemoration of the anniversary an amnesty has been granted for Press offences. Only a few Radicals made any show of opposition to the rejoicings, but there was an Internationalist riot at Cesaro, speedily quelled.

RUSSIA is lamenting her bad harvest, large tracts of country having been devastated by hail, frost, and insects. In Kazan more than 9,000 acres of corn have been ruined by the weather, and in Tamboff 80,000 will not cover the damage done by the hail. Much misery will therefore ensue, and these losses have already re-acted on the famous Nijni-Novgorod Fair, which has been almost a failure. —The railway on the Tekkè Turcoman steppe is to be begun at once, and the line will be chiefly constructed from the material left over from the Turkish War.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The main body of General Roberts' force is marching back to India, to be replaced at Candahar by General Phayre's Division, when the troops in the valley will number 13,000 men. General Roberts and Sir R. Sandeman have met and decided the important supply question, and provisions are plentiful too in Candahar, where trade is reviving, and the wounded are doing well, although three privates have died. Meanwhile the burial party, under General Daubeny, have reached the battle field of Khushk-i-Nakhud, where they found the dead buried, two long lines of dead horses marking the position of Blackwood's battle. Some of the graves were reopened and burial services were read, while a number of British who were roughly buried beneath a wall were reinterred. The Afghans had evidently interred their foes as a mark of respect, and their position shows that the British regiments held close together to the last. The column also met with many bodies on the road, some of the men having died from exhaustion, but the majority bearing marks of violence, while the villagers, fearing reprisals, had prudently vanished. Ayoob's army also had stripped the country as clean of food as a flight of locusts. As to Ayoob himself, he was last heard of beyond Girishk, on his way to Herat, where, by the by, the report of the insurrection proves to be unfounded. It is stated that in his flight Ayoob was unable to persuade some Herat Sowars to join him, but the Zemindawar people were more friendly, and offered to aid him against the British. Over 650 bodies of Afghans have been found on the line of retreat, exclusive of those killed by the cavalry.

Abdurrahman is busy reorganising his army and paying up arrears, while the Turkestan forces have now acknowledged him. Mahomed Jan has also offered his services to the Ameer. Cabul indulged in great rejoicings when the British left Sherpur. The city was illuminated for three nights, and the Mahomedans crowded the streets, thanking Allah aloud, and crying "Apostasy is gone, Islam is restored." They further bade the Hindoos choose between death and embracing Mahomedanism.

INDIA continues to discuss the retention of the advanced posts in Afghanistan. Public opinion strongly condemns the relinquishment of the Khyber, is dubious respecting the Kurram, and is inclined to favour the transferring of Herat to Persia, with a British resident and suitable guarantees. —The Viceroy will hold a grand Durbar at Lahore in November, subsequently going to Kurrachee and Sibi on his way to Bombay. Ootacamund has had a Mahomedan scare, a report of a Mussulman rising having brought out the Volunteers and military reinforcements. —A terrific land-slip has occurred at the Himalayan hill-station of Naini Tal in Bengal, causing the death of thirty-eight Europeans. Violent rain had fallen two days previously, 25 inches being registered in forty hours, and on Sunday morning a few houses fell burying some natives. While a large party were trying to extricate the injured, the whole of the cliff overhanging the station suddenly fell, and completely overwhelmed the greater part of the little town. We hope to publish illustrations and full details next week.

UNITED STATES.—The Presidential contest waxes hot, and the Democrats are furious at the result of the Maine election. At first it was triumphantly announced that their candidate had been elected Governor, but as the returns came in from remote towns, the situation was completely reversed, and the Republicans carried their nominee, Mr. Davis, instead. Of course, the Democrats accuse their opponents of falsifying the returns, and, indeed, Senator Blaine, when announcing the victory to General Garfield, hints his fears of unfairness in counting the votes. As far as the elections go at present the scales turn in favour of Garfield, for while the Republicans have secured Vermont and Maine, the Democrats have only carried Arkansas. Moreover, they seem likely to lose Virginia, where their party is split into two irreconcilable factions. Ohio and Indiana hold the next elections, and while the Republicans are safe in the former there will be a sharp contest in the latter.

There is the usual list of casualties. A cartridge explosion at Bridgeport, Connecticut, has killed five persons; nine miners have lost their lives in Nevada by the fall of a cage in the Consolidated

Imperial Mine; and a mining riot has occurred at Corning, Ohio, with some loss of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.—SWITZERLAND proposes to revise her Constitution, and the question will be submitted to the popular vote next month. —In EGYPT the Nile causes much anxiety, the waters being lower than usual at this season. —At the CAPE further fighting is reported from Basutoland. While reconnoitring round Lerothodi's village Captain Carrington and seventy of the Cape Mounted Rifles were attacked by 1,200 Basutos, but managed to drive them off, with the loss of Lieutenant Clark and two privates. Reinforcements are being sent to Captain Carrington as the Tambookies, a tribe concerned in the frontier war of 1877-8, have joined the Basutos against the British. —From CHINA, serious disturbances are reported in Canton. Rioters attacked the Catholic Mission, and threatened the whole European community, so that it was necessary to call out the military. There was some loss of life, and the Europeans are much alarmed, as there is no gunboat, as usual at Shanghai.



THE QUEEN has been joined in the Highlands by the Grand Duke of Hesse with his son and two youngest daughters, the Princesses Irene and Alice. Her Majesty has accordingly been showing her guests the chief objects of interest in the neighbourhood, and on Saturday, with the Princesses of Hesse and Princess Beatrice, drove through Braemar to Loch Callater, where the Royal party walked for some time on the shores, notwithstanding the cold showery weather. They lunched by the Loch, and drove home by Deeside. On Sunday the Queen with the Princesses, the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Leopold, attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. Dr. Scott officiated. An excursion was made by the Queen, her grandchildren, and Princess Beatrice to the Glassalt Shiel on Monday, and next day Her Majesty, with the Grand Duke and Princesses Beatrice and Irene, drove to the Linn of Dee, and afterwards to Derry Shiel, where they lunched and took a stroll. Coming home the Royal party called on Mrs. Clark at Allan Quoiach. Lord Dufferin arrived at Balmoral on Tuesday. Her Majesty has also been visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, and has entertained the Earl of Fife at dinner.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are now in Scotland with their three little girls, and Prince John of Glücksburg. Lord Dupplin arrived on a visit on Saturday, and the Prince and his guests went out deerstalking in Birkhall Forest. They shot eight stags, and in the evening there was a torchlight dance before Abergeldie Castle. Next morning the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters and guests, attended Divine Service at Crathie Church. On Tuesday the Prince was present at a grouse drive at Glenmuick, given by Mr. Mackenzie. Subsequently he left Abergeldie to spend a few days with Sir R. Harvey at Invermark Lodge, and during his stay a deer drive in Invermark Forest and a grouse drive took place. To-day (Saturday), the Prince goes to Mar Lodge for a few days' deerstalking with Lord Fife. During the autumn the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, according to the *Paris Figaro*, will pay some shooting visits in France, where they will stay with the Princesses de Sagan at Mello. A grand hunt will be held during their visit, and the Princesses have gone to Mello to make preparations. —The *Bacchante*, with Princes Albert Victor and George on board, was much delayed in starting by the bad weather. She put into Portland Roads until Monday, when she left for Vigo.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh remain at Coburg, and have made numerous excursions in the neighbourhood. Thus the Duke has had a week's shooting at Oberoff with his uncle, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg; while the Duchess and her youngest brother, Prince Sergius, spent a few days with their aunt, the Queen of Wurtemberg, at Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance. The Royal children have now joined their parents from Tsarskoe Seló, having quite recovered from the measles, and the whole party will return to England about Oct. 8th. Next month the Duke will visit Mr. C. Sykes at Brantingham Thorpe, near Hull. —The Duke and Duchess of Connaught leave Berlin this week for Paris. —The Duke of Cambridge is at Frankfurt-on-Maine.

Prince Henry of Germany, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess, who has been making a tour round the world, has been staying in Plymouth Sound in his vessel, *Prinz Adalbert*. The Prince has lately come of age according to German law, having completed his eighteenth year, and the Queen sent a message to him on Monday, with a letter and present. The *Prinz Adalbert* left on Tuesday for Kiel, where the Prince and Princess will meet their son. —King Louis of Bavaria is in Paris *incognito*, under the Wagnerian title of Count of Bayreuth. He has come on purpose to study the details of the Versailles Palace, which he is having reproduced on an island in one of the Bavarian lakes. —The ex-Empress Eugénie will leave Chislehurst this autumn to reside near Windsor.



"THE NATIONALISATION OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH." —The *Northern Echo* having published an article on the above subject, Dean Stanley has written a long letter to that journal, saying that two proposals contained in it—1st, that under certain regulations the various Nonconforming communities might make use of the parish church for their own religious services, at such hours as would not interfere with the regular services; and 2nd, that the terms of subscription should be relaxed or modified—"are almost, if not altogether, lawful at present." With regard to the first, he says that for six years the experiment was tried in Westminster Abbey, and the practice was only abandoned because it evoked but little interest in the Nonconforming world, and won but little support from the Liberal party. What was done there, he adds, is lawful in every parish church in England, the only difference being that, the Dean being the Ordinary, there was no need for reference to the Bishop. On the second point he observes that the declaration of assent to "all and every the Thirty-nine Articles, besides the ratification"—once required from all clergymen and graduates—no longer exists. In their place has been substituted a brief assent to the doctrine of the Church of England as contained in the Book of Common Prayer and the Articles. The word "doctrine," rather than "doctrines," was deliberately adopted by the Royal Commissioners in order to make it evident that the candidate no longer professed his belief in any particular opinion set forth, but only in the general doctrine.

THANKSGIVINGS FOR THE HARVEST.—On Wednesday the Primate continued his visitation charge in the Cathedral at Canterbury, maintaining that science, when reverently studied, was not antagonistic to the Bible. Before commencing his charge, his Grace announced that he had received a great many letters on the

subject of thanksgiving for the harvest, and he had answered, in almost every case, that he believed that those clergy who had been offering up their prayers to God for an abundant harvest would, looking to the answer which had been given to their prayers, take care that in their several parishes there should be thanksgiving to God for His goodness during the present year. He thought that was perhaps better than appointing any one day, which might be inconvenient in different neighbourhoods.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS commences at Leicester on Tuesday next. The opening sermons will be preached by the Archbishop of York, at St. Martin's Church, and the Dean of Llandaff, at St. Mary's Church. Among the subjects set down for discussion are Foreign Missions, the Religious Condition of the Nation, Upper and Middle Class Education, Internal Unity of the Church, the Church and Dissent, Existing Forms of Unbelief and their Social and Moral Tendencies, Home Mission Work, Popular Recreations, and How to Improve Them, the Church and the Poor, Pauperism and its Treatment, the Church in Relation to the Organisation of Labour, the Influence of the Church Over Young Men and Women and How to Maintain it, Efforts Towards Reform in Foreign Churches, the Cathedral System and How to Reform It, Internal Organisation of the Church, Church Finance, Penitentiary Work of the Church, the Duty of the Church as Regards Civil Laws Relating to Marriage and Divorce, and the Moral Dangers of Factory and Workshop Life.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL on Sunday held his first Ordination at the Cathedral Church of St. Peter. Seven priests and nine deacons were dedicated to the ministry. The preacher was the Rev. Canon Clarke of Southport, who is Chaplain to the Bishop.

THE NEW DEAN OF SALISBURY, the Very Rev. G. D. Boyle, who was for thirteen years Vicar at Kidderminster, was on Friday last presented with a silver salver and a purse of 100 guineas as a testimonial from his late parishioners in token of their appreciation of his Christian courtesy, catholicity, and eminent ability in the promotion of general education, culture, and philanthropic effort.

THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE, it is announced, is about to leave the Church, and join the Unitarian body, and it is said that nearly the whole of his congregation will secede with him.

THE REV. CANON BARDLEY, Rector of St. Anne's, Manchester, finding himself too infirm for the performance of his duties, is about to resign his benefice, under the Incumbents' Resignation Act, 1871.

THE REV. A. H. MACKONCHIE, who has just returned from America, finds that during his absence the fund started by his friends for compensating him for the loss he sustains by the sequestration of his benefice has so prospered that a guarantee sum of 250*l.* per year for the three years of his sentence has been realised.

THE EXILED FRENCH JESUITS.—Hadzor House, near Droitwich, the seat of Mr. Theodore Galton, has been let to some members of the Order of Jesuits, lately expelled from France, some of whom have already arrived. It is intended to form a college for the sons of Roman Catholic families.

THE APPARITIONS AT LLANTHONY have now been seen by "Father Ignatius" himself. Two visitors were present at the time, but they saw nothing.

MR. SPURGEON is too unwell to preach, and his place at the Metropolitan Tabernacle is temporarily filled by his son, the Rev. C. Spurgeon.



PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Messrs. A. and S. Gatti's too short season comes to an end this evening, with a special performance for their benefit. Two important events have occurred since our last reference to these concerts—the "Humorous Night," so called, and the engagement of Madame Annette Essipoff, not only the Queen of Russian pianists, but of all Russian pianists the very best. Madame Essipoff appeared on Saturday, and every night after. She has given specimens of her exceptional talent, not merely in those brilliant pieces of Liszt, &c., in the execution of which she has no superior, but in the expressive *nocturnes* of Chopin, the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, &c., and in works of higher importance. Her execution, for instance, of Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto on the evening of her *début* was as near perfection as could be imagined. The most finished of all her performances, however, was that on Wednesday, when she gave the trying and difficult Concerto in A minor of Schumann (without book, as usual), in a manner we have never heard surpassed—rarely, indeed, equalled. There is an indescribable charm in this accomplished lady's playing, not only derived from the lightness and elasticity of her touch, or the unfailing correctness of her mechanism, each admirable in its way, but from the unostentatious simplicity and grace of her phrasing, which, without a hint at exaggeration, gives fullness of satisfaction to the most cultivated ear. Add to these a command of the gradations of tone possessed by very few, and we have pianoforte playing which may justly be styled consummate. That Madame Essipoff stands high in favour of the public is shown in the unanimous applause bestowed upon her performances night after night, and the frequent encores exacted from her. That her appearance among us has conferred unwonted *clatour* upon the end of the season is undeniable. The "Humorous Night" has been so amply discussed by our daily contemporaries that little remains to say. A more thorough success could scarcely have been thought of for a programme wholly original. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to say that on each occasion the most applause has been bestowed upon the finest pieces, and that Mozart's *Musicalische Spass* and Haydn's symphony, *Abschied*, have been foremost in the estimation of the audience. With the origin of Haydn's symphony (of which only the *presto* and final *adagio* were selected) all amateurs are acquainted; but the work of Mozart was to some more or less of a revelation. Here we find wit and humour combined, with the happiest results. The "Toy Symphony" of Romberg had no chance by the side of this, though of its kind it is fairly good music. With the exception of Weber's singular overture to the ballet of *Turandot*, constructed upon a so-styled Chinese melody, which the composer of *Der Freischütz* must have been at some pains to make symmetrically melodious, the remaining pieces hardly come up to the standard of their companions. The eighth symphony of Beethoven (in F) was introduced on Wednesday, and this fulfilled the promise of the prospectus. The *scherzo* from Schubert's Symphony in C (No. 9), and the concert-overture, *Melusina*, by Mendelssohn, were the other prominent features of this concert, the last, but by no means least interesting, of the "Classical" series. Mr. Cowen's cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, was to be the leading feature yesterday evening, but of this we must speak next week.

STRAND THEATRE.—A light and pretty operetta, in the "bouffe" style, as represented by Offenbach, Lecocq, Hervé &c., has been produced at this theatre with marked success. The title of the operetta is *Olivette*; the authors of the piece (two heads would always seem to be regarded as better than one, in Paris, for such concoctions) are MM. Chivot and Durn; the composer of the music is M. Audran; and the compiler of the English version

Mr. Farnie, an experienced hand in these matters. A detailed narration of the plot would take up more space than is at our disposal. We may say, however, that, while somewhat involved, it is always more or less amusing, and that for this reason its incongruities are not merely tolerated but applauded. Olivette, though brought up in a convent-school, is by no means so thoroughly ingenuous as might be expected. She returns home to be wedded to a veteran naval captain, De Merrimac, having meanwhile become enamoured of Valentin, that captain's nephew. De Merrimac is the choice of her father, the Seneschal of Perpignan, but Valentin is the choice of her own heart. How she is saved from the one whom she has never seen, and gets married to the other, whom she has seen and loved, it is needless to tell; nor shall we be expected to describe the various incidents, both comic and diverting, that bring us, step by step, to the conventional climax. Enough that roars of laughter are elicited. M. Audran, composer of the music, is a son of the once popular tenor of that name, remembered by every frequenter of the Paris Opéra Comique. The composer of several operas, or rather operettas, M. Audran can lay claim to no signal success until the production of *Les Noces d'Olivette*, and even this has been chiefly a provincial one, inasmuch as the work comparatively failed in Paris. Nevertheless, it contains much pretty and some really charming music. Always without pretension, it affords plentiful evidence of sure workmanship, and contains a fair admixture of the sentimental and the lively. The operetta is well put upon the stage, and what is of still more consequence, well cast. A more acceptable representative of Olivette than Miss Florence St. John, who sings the music as well as she acts the part, could hardly be wished, and Miss Violet Cameron is extremely prepossessing as the Countess of Roussillon. The other leading characters are fairly supported by M. Marius (De Merrimac), Miss Emily Duncan, who, as Veloutine, shows that a small part can be made effective, Messrs. Knight Aston (Valentin), De Lange, Ashley, and H. Parry. The performance generally, under the direction of Mr. Hiller, is good; and, judging from the impression created on the first night, it is more than likely that *Olivette* will have a "run."

WAIFS.—The new Stadtheater in Frankfort-on-Maine is to be opened on the 18th of next month with Mozart's *Don Juan*. The Emperor Wilhelm will be present, and a *Festspiel* has been composed for the occasion. Oct. 18th was selected as the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig and the birthday of the Crown Prince. —As if St. Petersburg had not theatres enough, German, Italian, French, and Russian, the list is to be reinforced by one to be devoted exclusively to works, dramatic and musical, by Jewish authors. It is to open in November with a four-act comic opera, entitled *The Fanatic*, from the pen of A. Goldfagen, the manager, who as an actor, has recently obtained a certain popularity in Moscow. —The whole of the *Nibelungen* Tetralogy is to be repeated in the winter at Vienna. Dr. Edward Hanslick will doubtless tell us something more about it. —The Khedive of Egypt being determined to reopen the French theatre at Cairo, has, it is said, made a grant to M. Larose, the manager, of 12,000*l.* for the season. —The Brazilians don't seem to hold Mozart's music in high esteem, if the report may be credited that *Don Giovanni* was emphatically condemned at the Imperial Opera House in Rio Janeiro. —The time-honoured Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, once directed by Mendelssohn, commence their new season on the 7th of next month. —Madame Essipoff leaves London to-day for Hamburg. —The Birmingham papers are loud in praise of Mr. Maas for his singing in *Judas Maccabæus*, at the opening concert of the Birmingham Philharmonic Union.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

IT is a well-known fact that wheat flour, before it appears on the breakfast table in the shape of a loaf of bread, has been robbed of a great deal of its goodness, and that part of the gluten, and a large proportion of those phosphates so necessary to health, have been cast aside in the endeavour to make the bread white. We have Baron Liebig's testimony that the whitest and finest of flour has, of all forms of flour, the lowest nutritive value. These considerations led some years ago to the introduction of whole-meal bread; and it appeared with "recommended by the faculty" as its motto. But whether it be its swarthy appearance or its extremely coarse texture which renders it unpopular, it is certain that it has not made that favourable impression upon the public at large which its high recommendation would have warranted. The well-known aerated bread is far more generally used, principally, no doubt, on account of its uniform good quality, and from the knowledge that it is made without direct hand-labour. But still it has the same disadvantage as ordinary baker's bread in having been robbed of some of its most valuable constituents. Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, U.S.A., has attacked the problem from a new point. He recommends the addition to the flour of those salts which it is proved by analysis are lost in the operation of grinding the wheat. Flour prepared in this way gives off, as it is made into dough, a certain amount of carbonic acid, sufficient, in fact, to obviate the use of yeast. The process, which is patented in the joint names of Professor Horsford and Messrs. McDougall, of London and Manchester, is being worked commercially in this country by the latter firm.

The records of the Patent Office give evidence that inventors are still busy with the electric light, and specifications concerning lamps, connections, and machines continue to be filed. One of the most promising is that of Mr. Swan, of Newcastle, whose work is in the same direction as that of Mr. Edison, namely, the incandescent principle. Mr. Swan uses a loop of carbonised material in an exhausted globe, and he claims by his process to ensure a far greater degree of durability for the incandescent material than hitherto attained. The current will be divisible to any extent, so that many lamps can be used on one circuit. Mr. Swan believes that his system will be eminently adapted for illuminating coal mines, more especially as the light will be totally shut in from external influences. We understand that the patent is about to be supplemented by another, embodying some important improvements.

The lamentable disaster at Seaham Colliery will once more bring under notice the question of the alleged unsafeness of the "safety lamps." It is well known that a sudden blast of air, or gas, will drive the flame through the wire gauze and so ignite the explosive atmosphere surrounding it. Many improved lamps have been invented, but none seem to have been adopted. It is said that most of these lamps are much more expensive than the old "Davy"—and that if some one would only invent a lamp which would cost less, it would meet with immediate attention at the hands of colliery proprietors. We trust, for the credit of humanity, that the rumours as to this penny-wise policy are incorrect.

The South Kensington Museum authorities must be commended for the trials which they have given to more than one system of electric illumination, although they have not yet arrived at any conclusion as to the best plan for ultimate adoption. They are certainly justified in seeking a more economical illuminant than carburetted hydrogen, for their last year's gas bill amounted to no less than 5,044*l.* Two of the largest halls are now lighted on the Brush system, and the effect is very pleasing. In this case sixteen lamps are hung from the ceilings, and they are fed by one machine.

In the mean time the City authorities are endeavouring to provide light for the coming winter. The Streets Committee met the other day to receive tenders for lighting by electricity nine important thoroughfares, and three of the bridges, namely, London, South-

wark, and Blackfriars. When these arrangements are carried out the Thames by night will form one of the most beautiful sights of London.

A great many plans have been tried for feeding the furnaces of steam boilers with fuel of a less bulky and expensive character than coal, and the feat seems to have at last been satisfactorily accomplished. The steamer *Cesarevitch*, one of the fastest mailboats on the Caspian, is fitted with simple apparatus to burn the refuse of petroleum, which would represent, perhaps, the cheapest available fuel. The furnace, if furnace it can be called, consists of a metal box, into which open two tubes, each about one inch in diameter. One serves as a supply pipe for the liquid fuel, and the other, charged with steam from the boiler, blows the slowly dropping matter into spray, which, when ignited, presents a broad sheet of flame of great heating power. There is no residue of any kind, and the furnace can be turned down as easily as one can turn down an ordinary lamp. The arrangement is, moreover, quite smokeless, an important consideration if the system can be adopted generally in manufacturing districts.

Mr. W. White, of Greenock, has patented an alarm signal for steam boilers which promises to be of great use in preventing explosions by giving immediate warning of increased steam pressure, or of too low a level of water. The first desideratum is attained by attaching to the ordinary pressure gauge an extra pointer (very much like the outside pointer of an aneroid barometer), which can be set to any number denoting the pressure which is to serve as a maximum. A metallic contact piece on this pointer is so arranged that directly the allowed pressure is exceeded the moving pointer touches the other, and thus completes the circuit of an electric battery. By this means a bell is caused to ring, giving warning to the engineer or at the manager's office that the normal pressure is exceeded. The device is not exactly new, except in its present application, for alarm clocks have before been devised which will ring a bell at a certain hour by electric contact of the hour hand with an insulated attachment. The height of the water in the boiler is made evident by much the same means—and with the help of a float inside.

Mr. Fletcher, F.C.S., whose lecture in June last "on the application of gaseous fuel to laboratory work" won for him the silver medal of the Society of Arts, has patented a high-power heating burner which promises to be of great use both in the arts and for domestic purposes. Cast in one solid piece, it is furnished with a perforated copper dome, which can easily be removed for cleaning purposes. This dome takes the place of the wire gauze common to older forms of burners. The flame is solid, smokeless, and intensely hot, and is so under control that it will boil an egg, melt half a hundredweight of metal, or get up steam for a half-horse engine. Faint-hearted holders of gas shares troubled by the electric light will welcome an invention which will go far to make the use of gas, if not compulsory, at least very desirable for many unlooked-for purposes.

T. C. H.



SIR EDWARD FITZROY KELLY, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, died on Friday last at the age of nearly eighty-four, and was buried at Highgate on Wednesday last. Sir H. James, the Attorney-General, is most likely to succeed to the vacant Judgeship; but the style and title of "Lord Chief Baron" will probably be dropped, it having been specially reserved to Sir F. Kelly by the Judicature Act of 1873.

JUVENILE OFFENDERS.—A public meeting is to be held at Manchester on the 7th prox. to consider this subject, which will also be discussed at a meeting of magistrates from all parts of the country, which will shortly assemble in London. The draft scheme for the amendment of the law, drawn up by the Manchester Committee, and submitted to the Home Secretary, suggests the provision of "places of detention" for children of both sexes (who would of course be separated), to which they would be remanded from week to week, according to the nature of their offence and their conduct after arrest; but not "committed," as under a criminal sentence. At these "places of detention" they would be fed, lodged, taught, employed industrially, and subjected to proper discipline, in accordance with rules to be approved by the Home Office, and special precautions would be taken to prevent their mixing with adult criminals even during their stay at the police courts and their conveyance to and fro. The parents or guardians would be made liable to contribute towards their support at these "places of detention," and at reformatories and industrial schools; and they would also be subject to penalties for sending a child under ten years of age into the streets for "purposes of gain." A "juvenile offender" is defined as a person who, in the opinion of the Court before whom he is brought, is under sixteen; a "young person" as one between fourteen and sixteen; and a "child" as one under fourteen.

THE THREAT TO MURDER LORD ORANMORE.—Much surprise has been expressed at the conviction of the young man Donovan upon evidence which, to say the least, is not particularly strong, and the counsel who defended him has announced that a memorial will be sent to the Home Secretary on the subject. The case might possibly have been made clearer to the public mind had Inspector Butcher stated what it was that induced him to go to Dr. Tegar's and question Donovan about the matter. Donovan has been sentenced to six months' hard labour, a by no means heavy sentence if he is really guilty.

BOY CRIMINALS about whose punishment there is such a difference of opinion have come a good deal to the front during the past week. At Leeds, a lad of eleven has been sentenced to ten days' imprisonment and five years in a reformatory for having weighted the safety valve of a boiler in a colliery. The mischievous trick was happily discovered in time to prevent an explosion, which might have cost many lives.—At Wolverhampton a lad of fifteen pleaded guilty to throwing a stone at another boy and cutting his leg open. His parents had no goods whereon to distrain if a fine was imposed, and therefore the magistrates decided to send a statement of the case to the Home Secretary, with an inquiry as to what should be done with him.

"COURTS OF SUMMARY JURISDICTION" have, it is well known, taken the place of the old "Police Courts," it is, therefore, curious to observe that the latter designation appears in bold letters on the facade of the new Palace of Justice in Bow Street.

LADY BECTIVE'S JEWELS, which were stolen some time ago, have been found by a detective policeman in the possession of a man named Cummings, who acknowledges the robbery, but declares that it was unpremeditated, he having yielded to temptation on seeing the area gate open as he passed the house on his way home, at 1 A.M. on the day they were stolen.

A FAMOUS SIGNBOARD, the "Royal Oak" at Bettws-y-Coed, which was painted by David Cox, was the other day the subject of legal contention in the Bangor County Court, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby claiming it as the owner of the house, against the counter claim of the late landlady, who had filed a petition of liquidation by arrangement. The decision was that it was a fixture belonging to the house.

(Continued on page 310)



CAPT. WALTER ROBERTS (66TH REGIMENT)
Killed in Action at Khushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



LIEUT. M. E. RAYNER (66TH REGIMENT)
Killed in Action at Khushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



LIEUT. R. T. CHUTE (66TH REGIMENT)
Killed in Action at Khushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



LIEUT. C. G. WHITEBY (1ST BOMBAY GRENADIERS)
Killed in Action at Khushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



CAPT. W. H. M'MATH (66TH REGIMENT)
Killed in Action at Khushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



BRIGADIER-GENERAL BROOKE
Killed in the Sortie from Candahar, Aug. 16



MAJOR SIDNEY WAUBY (19TH BOMBAY NATIVE
INFANTRY)
Killed while on Outpost Duty near Candahar



LIEUT. W. C. ASLETT (1ST BOMBAY GRENADIERS)
Killed in Action at Khushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



MAJOR RICHARD LE POER TRENCH (19TH BOMBAY
NATIVE INFANTRY)
Killed in the Sortie from Candahar, Aug. 16



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

"Good-bye, Lancelot!"

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

EPILOGUE

CHAPTER I.

AFTER TWELVE YEARS

AFTER twelve years—twelve eventful years in the history of the world! Years of war and peace, of gain and loss, of change, and sunshine, and storm. In India, the last fires of the Mutiny had been stamped out. In Abyssinia, the taking of Magdala had been followed by the tragic death of King Theodore.

Nearer home, the French and Sardinian armies had won back the Lombard provinces, and Victor Emmanuel had become King of Italy. But the war between France and Prussia, the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty, the rise of the German Empire, were yet to come. On the other hand, some bloodless changes had happened which, although they left the political map of Europe unaltered, may be said in another sense to have revolutionised the map of the whole world. Cities the most distant, nationalities the most diverse, had been brought together by a network of rails and wires; while the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the Suez Canal, and the Atlantic cable had abolished the natural boundaries of mountain and desert and sea.

Such, in outline, were the main events that marked the procession of those twelve years across the stage of history. Upon that minor stage occupied by the personages with whose fortunes we are here concerned, no startling changes, whether for good or ill, have meanwhile taken place. With Lancelot and Winifred, the course of true love has run with a smoothness that sets the time-honoured proverb at defiance. Blessed in their home, in their children, in each other, they are happy themselves, and a source of happiness to those around them. Under their beneficent rule, a flourishing colony has sprung up on Burfield Moor. Consisting at first of only the church, schools, vicarage, and about a score of cottages, the new district has, during these twelve years, assumed the aspect of a large, though scattered village, and numbers a population of some eight hundred souls. It would be too much to say that all the "dark folk" have become members of this decent community. Many of the old stock are still unreclaimed; and not even Mr. Pennefather, whose success has already surpassed his own warmest hopes, anticipates that he shall live to see the day when the Plants and Stanways will leave off poaching and pilfering, and settle down into respectable rent-and-tax-payers like the rest. Mr. Pennefather, it is needless to add, is the most devoted, the most earnest of North-country parsons. That which his hand finds to do, he does with

all his might; and his might, both physically and morally, is greater than the might of most men. It is, at all events, adequate to that work which is the labour and the crown of his life.

As for Mrs. Pennefather, she says herself that she is too happy. Her children flourish in the free air of the moor; and her two elder boys, having won their scholarships at school, are now graduating at Cambridge. The "baby," long since deposed by newer claimants to that title, is at Rugby. The "baby" is Lady Brackenbury's especial protégé, and owes his school expenses to her bounty. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Pennefather, having now many sixpences a year to spend as she likes, is, in her way, as active and helpful as Mr. Pennefather himself. Her way, too, is a very pleasant way. Her sympathies are quick, and she has "a hand open as day for melting charity." It is, after all, not wonderful if her genial nature should command more ready love than the sterner virtues of her husband. She is still, despite time and altered circumstances, Lady Brackenbury's dearest friend; and to Lady Brackenbury she has confided something of the plot of that yet unwritten novel which is to show the world how well she can write under the burden of prosperity.

The Brackenburys, during these twelve years, have lived principally at Brackenbury Court, on their own lands and among their own people. They sometimes travel for a couple of months in the autumn, and it is their habit to spend a few weeks every season at some London hotel; but they have no town house, and not till their children are of an age to go into society do they propose to indulge in that expensive luxury. The world—or that small, self-constituted body which calls itself the world—wonders why Lord Brackenbury does so little with his wealth. He keeps a sufficient establishment, it is true; he entertains, not extravagantly, but hospitably; he fills his house now and then for a few weeks with visitors; he subscribes liberally to the hunt and the local charities; but he does not spend his money so freely as "the world" conceives it should be spent by a nobleman with 20,000*l.* a year to his rent-roll. Lord and Lady Everton of Toffee, who, it is well known, are no richer than the Brackenburys, give twice as many dinner-parties; and the princely hospitalities of Mr. Fink and Countess Castellosso are the glory of the county. Balls, hunt-breakfasts, picnics, garden-parties, private theatricals, are the atmosphere in which that popular couple live and have their being. Who, up in the "North Countree," ever thought of giving a daylight ball with a dancing-floor laid down upon the lawn, till this beautiful American came from the far west to teach our English country gentlefolk how to enjoy the good the gods provide them? Who ever before invited two hundred people to a Twelfth-night feast,

and entertained them with a Masque of Ben Jonson's in a hall lighted by fifty torch-bearers in the costume of old English beef-eaters? Who ever had the French actors down from London, or engaged a military band a dozen times in the course of the year? Why, asked "the world," why did not the Brackenburys follow this admirable example, and do something really enterprising for society in general?

What the world did not know, and did not even guess, was that Lancelot Brackenbury still looked upon himself as "a steward." A steward he had called himself that evening when Mr. Marrables carried his point, twelve years and more ago; and a steward, in his heart of hearts, he still deemed himself. That more than seventeen years should have gone by since his brother's disappearance weighed with him not one jot. Five years after that disappearance he had seen him—seen him face to face in the flesh. He was alive then; why should he not be alive now? Come what might, Lancelot would never cease to believe that he was living till he knew him to be dead.

It was a subject upon which he and Winifred seldom spoke. His vehemence had so impressed her at the first, that she believed he had in very truth met Cuthbert Brackenbury that night of the great eruption. But when nothing more came of it, and when the Petrucelli family were sought out and questioned, and all questioning proved fruitless—then Winifred began to think that, in the excitement of the moment, her husband had been mistaken. As for Mr. Fink, he treated the whole thing as an illusion. He also saw the man, and he would not admit that there was any ground, however slight, for Lord Brackenbury's *idle fixe*. The man was a big, rough, common-looking man, no more like the lost lord than he was himself like Hercules. So, by-and-by, finding that his wife and his only witness were both incredulous, Lancelot dropped the subject, and Winifred hoped, after awhile, that he had forgotten it. But he never forgot it; and his conviction never wavered.

And now Lancelot and Winifred have been twelve years married; and twelve years and six months have passed since Mr. Marrables prevailed upon Lancelot to prove his brother's will; and seventeen years and one month have gone by since Cuthbert, Lord Brackenbury, bought his diamonds in Genoa and vanished from the high road between Borghetto and La Spezia.

It is May—the second day of May; and the Brackenburys are still at Brackenbury Court, though intending to go up to town in the course of another week. Lancelot has been out since half-past five this beautiful fresh May morning, and Lady Brackenbury is walking to and fro on the lawn, outside the breakfast-room windows. Time has dealt tenderly with this Winifred whom the

critical Cochrane was fain to admire when she fed her pigeons in the courtyard at Langtrety Grange. More than ever now should she have been painted by that excellent limner, Paris Bordone. Her figure has acquired the gracious stateliness which so especially characterises Bordone's noble Venetian ladies. The red gold in her chestnut hair catches the sunlight as she walks. Her long skirt sweeps after her, like a train. One would like to see her dressed in true Venetian style, in a robe of white and gold brocade, with a feather fan in her hand, and a rope of pearls twisted in the loose coils of her hair.

Suddenly, the breakfast-room door is opened; and a gentleman comes across the room, and out through the open window.

"At last!" she says, gladly.

"At last, dearest. You have not waited for me?"

"We waited till nine; and then the boys were so hungry that they would have eaten me, if I had not rung for breakfast. But you must be hungry, too?"

"Tremendously."

"And old Lois?"

"She died about twenty minutes after I got there—quite painlessly and unconsciously. It was a mere ceasing of the breath. No more."

"And she said nothing?"

"She muttered something once; but it was almost inaudible. I fancied I caught the word 'fire,' and I thought, perhaps, she was dreaming of her grandmother at the stake."

"And—you are disappointed, Lancelot?"

"Well, no," he replies, with an impatient sigh. "Nothing in that way disappoints me now. I expect nothing. I have given up expecting anything. Still, as she had once spoken—years ago—there was just a chance that she might speak again. Anyhow, I am glad I was there when she died."

With this, he looked at his watch, remarked that it was more than half-past ten, and turned back to the breakfast-room.

As he took his seat at the table, the door flew open and three noisy boys, one carrying a post-bag, burst into the room.

"Incursion of the barbarians!" said Lancelot, laughing. "There now! don't all talk at once. Well, Cuthbert, what about that pony?"

"I've just been round to the stables, papa. Carter says I mustn't ride him for two or three days; but Sam Leigh has looked at his foot, and so have I, and we don't either of us believe there's anything the matter with it!"

"If Carter says you mustn't ride him, my boy, there is no appeal. Sam Leigh's opinion is worth a trifle less than nothing; and as for you—you are a baby."

"A baby! You call a fellow who was eleven last birthday a baby! Herbert and Wilfred are babies, if you like!"

Whereupon Herbert, aged seven, and Wilfred, aged five, make an indignant raid upon the buttered toast, and retire laden with spoil.

"We are waiting for papa to open the post-bag," says Lady Brackenbury, pouring out her husband's coffee.

So Lancelot unlocks the bag, and transfers the duty of sorting its contents to his wife.

"Two for Miss Purcell" (Miss Purcell is the younger boys' governess); "three for you, Lancelot; and ever so many—seven, I declare—for me; to say nothing of papers and pamphlets. Mine look like invitations. Yours look like business—No! this one is in Mr. Cochrane's writing."

Lancelot laid his three letters beside his plate, and went on chatting with his boys and eating his breakfast. Lady Brackenbury, opening her own budget, announced the contents of each letter as she read it.

"From the Frenchays—an invitation to dine on the sixteenth; we shall be gone to town. Afternoon party at the Endells' on the ninth—the very day we have fixed for starting. Countess Castorosso, for the eighth—to meet the American Minister; a Transatlantic breakfast. Midday. What does she mean by a Transatlantic breakfast? Well, we have no engagement, and it is sure to be something new and pleasant. Shall I say we will go?"

Lancelot does not answer. The boys have seen a rabbit cross the lawn, and have rushed out with a whoop and a halloo; and now he is looking at his letters. The first he opens is short, and written in a smooth clear hand. He knows the handwriting well; it is the handwriting of Mr. Gilbert Blake, who is Mr. Marrables' junior and acting partner. The next, from the same writer, encloses a letter which looks very long and business-like, and is written on Bath-post paper. All these Lancelot reads in turn, looking grave the while, and somewhat perplexed. His gravity and his perplexity seem to increase as he reads on.

"Your letters do not annoy you, dear?" says Lady Brackenbury, anxiously.

"Well, yes—a little. Marrables wants to see me; and it is a bore to have to go over to Singleton to-day."

"To-day?"

"So he says; if I can spare time to ride over."

"But, after being called up this morning at five, and riding fourteen miles before breakfast . . ."

"Oh, that's nothing!"

"Mr. Marrables' business cannot be very urgent. Why not go to-morrow?"

"It is Blake who writes. He says Marrables will himself be at the office to-day—a rare event, rather; for the old man seldom goes to business now. No; I will go to-day."

Then, noting an inquiring look upon her face, he adds, carelessly:—

"It's about some old claim or other. I don't quite understand it."

"You have not opened Mr. Cochrane's letter yet."

"By Jove! No. I had forgotten it."

And so he opens his third letter; from which, as he unfolds it, a couple of newspaper cuttings fall out.

"What have we here, I wonder?"

But at the first printed words which meet his eye, his face flushes darkly. He crushes them in his hand; glances through the letter; thrusts them all together into his pocket; and, rising hastily, says:—

"Don't ask me about Cochrane's letter, Winifred—at least, not now. It's all about town talk and club scandals—neither amusing nor edifying."

"I don't care in the least for town talk or club scandals," replies Lady Brackenbury, smiling; "and I never desire to know anything that you would rather not tell me. Am I not the best of wives?"

"The best in the world!—but then you have the best of husbands."

"I know, at all events, that I have a husband who never keeps a real secret from me."

Then Lancelot rings for Church—the same grave and reverend Church—and sends word round to the stables that he will have "Duchess May" saddled immediately.

His shortest way to Singleton lies under The Ridge, past Abel Brunt's cottage, and through those same green lanes in which Winifred met Lettice Leigh the day after old Miss Langtrety was buried. How all things have changed since then! The cottage, no longer a ruin, is a comfortable dwelling inhabited by one of the Brackenbury gamekeepers; and Abel Brunt's ghost is as dead as himself. Lettice Leigh has taken Joan's place at Langtrety Grange, where Bridget (now very old and infirm) reigns with undivided sway as housekeeper and care-taker. "Little Sam," a strapping lad of sixteen, is in Lancelot's service as a stable-help at the Court; and Joan, married to the Danebridge blacksmith, is the mother of seven sturdy boys and girls.

But Lancelot is thinking of his letters, and not of the flight of time; and presently, when he comes to the green lanes, he lets "Duchess May" drop into a walk, while he reads them all again. First come the two from Mr. Blake.

No. I.

"Singleton, May 1, 18—.

"DEAR LORD BRACKENBURY,

"Mr. Marrables requests me to say that he would be glad to confer with you upon a matter of business when convenient. He would have the pleasure of waiting upon you, but that the business, he conceives, will be better discussed at our office. If you will kindly name an early day, my partner will come into Singleton to meet you.

"I am, dear Lord Brackenbury,

"Yours faithfully,

"GILBERT BLAKE.

"To Lord Brackenbury."

No. II.

"Singleton, May 1, 18—.

"DEAR LORD BRACKENBURY,

"Since I wrote you this morning, I have received the enclosed communication from Messrs. Fawcett, Clarke, and Fawcett. As the matter to which Mr. Marrables had proposed to draw your attention seems to be assuming graver proportions, I think it would be well if you could favour us with a visit to-morrow, the 2nd inst. In the hope that it may be convenient to you to come over here, Mr. Marrables will be at the office between 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

"We regret being obliged to break so delicate a matter to you by letter; having fully intended to reserve the disclosure of the business in hand for a *viva voce* explanation.

"I may add that, although we had heard some singular reports, and knew that Messrs. Fawcett, Clarke, and Fawcett were busying themselves in the matter, this is the first direct communication we have received from the firm.

"I am, my dear Lord Brackenbury,

"Yours faithfully,

"GILBERT BLAKE.

"To Lord Brackenbury."

"Singleton, May 1, 18—.

"DEAR SIRS,

"We have received instructions to address to you, as solicitors to the Brackenbury family, a communication which will doubtless be a matter of as much surprise to you as in fact the circumstances caused to ourselves when we received instructions in the matter. The disappearance and supposed death of Cuthbert Lord Brackenbury, seventeen years ago, have now been accepted as fact for so long a time that at first sight we could hardly credit what we are now in a position to announce to you as a matter of certainty—namely, that he is alive, and in England. The documentary evidence which he has placed in our hands (comprising various letters from Miss Winifred Savage (to whom his lordship was formerly engaged in marriage); letters from his steward, his brother, and various friends; besides a large number of hotel-bills, memoranda, and other papers of great importance, including an inventory of certain diamonds, &c., &c.) places his identity beyond doubt; and we therefore submit the proposal we are instructed to make before his brother through you with every confidence that it will be accepted.

"We have to explain in the first instance that Lord Brackenbury's object is not to disturb the existing arrangements. At the time when he was supposed to have fallen into the hands of brigands, he had in fact taken steps to indulge his taste for a wandering life, and has since that time been travelling in different parts of the world. He had purchased some valuable diamonds shortly before the time of his disappearance; and upon the proceeds of this purchase he has been living up to the present time.

"We are instructed to address this communication to your client in a friendly spirit, and although our client is in a position if he pleased to claim his estates and dignities, he wishes us to convey to you the assurance that such is not his intention. As however he has expended during his travels the greater portion of the money which he derived from the sale of the diamonds, he finds himself in need of further supplies, and is reluctantly obliged to apply to his brother for a portion of the property of which he might, if he thought well, claim the whole. We are instructed therefore to inform you that if your client will place 25,000*l.* at his brother's disposal, that sum will meet all his needs; and having received it, he will disturb him no further.

"You will of course accept this letter as without prejudice in case the proposal we have made is not accepted.

"We are, dear Sirs,

"Yours truly,

"FAWCETT, CLARKE, AND FAWCETT.

"To Messrs. Marrables and Blake."

So much for Mr. Blake's letters, and for the astounding communication of Fawcett, Clarke, and Fawcett. This last he reads twice over, and each time with more pain and more wonder. Then he goes through Cochrane's note once more.

"Imperator Club, May 1, 18—.

"MY DEAR BRACKENBURY,

"I have been thinking of writing to you for the last week; but though I have twice taken up my pen to do so, I have twice laid it down again—not knowing, in truth, how to put the thing I wanted to say. To-day, however, my attention having been called to a paragraph in *The Court Herald* (which I enclose), I feel I should be wanting in my duty as a friend if I kept silence longer. The *Tocsin* cutting appeared some few days ago.

"As those concerned are always the last to hear reports of this kind, I conclude you know nothing about these ridiculous rumours which, I am sorry to say, have been flying about town for the last ten days or so. I would suggest your writing a few lines at once (for publication) to the editor of *The Court Herald*. As for the *Tocsin*, it is such a scurrilous print, and so little read in decent society, that it would perhaps be better left unnoticed.

"I am truly sorry, my dear friend, to be such a disagreeable correspondent, but I thought you ought to know what is going on.

"Ever yours,

"HORACE COCHRANE.

"To the Lord Brackenbury.

"P.S.—Cuttings enclosed"—

From *The Court Herald*, May 1, 18—"It is confidently rumoured that Lord B—y, whose extraordinary disappearance under very suspicious circumstances was the talk of Europe some seventeen years ago, has re-appeared to claim his title and estates. The claim is likely to be disputed; and Lord B—y has, we understand, put his case into the hands of an eminent (north-country) legal firm."

From *The Tocsin*, April 26, 18—"Another chapter is about to be added to the Romance of the Peerage. Lord Brackenbury, who was lost on the Riviera with 30,000*l.* worth of diamonds about his person on the 18th of April, 18—, proves to have been, after all, neither robbed nor murdered. Yielding to an ill-regulated taste for a nomadic life, he has, it would appear, spent his time and his money in wandering 'from Indus to the Pole;' but, weary of this vagabond existence, is shortly about to resume his place in society. That place, however, has for many years been filled by the present peer, his lordship's brother and heir presumptive, who will

hardly vacate it without a struggle. The lawyers, it is said, are making active preparations on both sides."

CHAPTER II.

"THERE ARE THREE RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD"

"I WISH we could have settled this unpleasant business without troubling you, my lord," said Mr. Blake.

Lancelot, looking pale and anxious, drew his chair to the table and took from his pocket the letters and enclosures which he had that morning received from the firm.

"Oh, but that would have been impossible!" he replied.

"Yes—having Fawcett and Clarke to deal with."

"That is what troubles me!" said Lancelot. "I cannot conceive why he should have gone to Fawcett and Clarke—or to any lawyer at all. Who did he not come to me, or write to me, himself?"

"I don't quite understand," said Mr. Marrables. "Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Cuthbert—of my brother. Whom else?"

Mr. Marrables and his partner exchanged looks of profound astonishment.

"But—but, my dear friend," said the little lawyer, "you don't surely suppose for one moment that this is anything but a case of imposture?"

"It is no imposture."

"Excuse me; if your brother were really living . . ."

"My brother is living."

Again the partners looked at each other. They knew neither what to think, nor what to say.

The old gentleman—dapper still, though betraying his added years by a dimmed look in the eye, a drooping of the wrinkled eyelid, a tremulousness of the hand—took off, and wiped his glasses.

"When you say, my dear lord, that the late Lord Brackenbury is still living, you mean, I presume, that you still cherish an inward hope and conviction to that effect?"

"I mean that I know he is living; that I have seen him, face to face."

"Seen him? God bless my soul! This is most extraordinary. When and where did you see him? Not at Fawcett and Clarke's?"

Lancelot shook his head.

"No," he said, gloomily. "Not in England—not now. Twelve years ago; when I was in South Italy, about two months after our marriage. It is a long story; but I will make it as short as I can."

Then he told them about that day at the old villa, and about that night on the slopes of Vesuvius; and he said how, not seeing his brother's face the first time, he did not dare to feel certain; but, meeting him that second time, he was convinced beyond possibility of doubt.

The lawyers listened attentively; the younger man pencilling a few notes from time to time; the elder partner now and then interrupting with a question.

"In a naval uniform, did you say?"

"Well, you can't call a gold band and brass buttons a 'uniform.'"

"More the style of a mate on board a P. and O., or an Austrian Lloyd's steamer?" suggested Mr. Blake.

"Yes; just that."

"And the second time?" asked Mr. Marrables. "How was he dressed the second time?"

"Ah, that I can't tell you! I looked only at his face."

"But there were a number of seamen, you said, giving assistance to the inhabitants of this farm-house. Was he one of them?"

"That is what I don't know. The widow Petrucelli, it seems, had a relation who was master of a merchant vessel lying in the harbour at the time; and it was his men whom we saw about the yards."

"You sought the vessel out, afterwards?"

"I sought out the Petrucelli family, consisting of a widow with ever so many sons and daughters and grandchildren. They had taken refuge with friends at a place about sixteen miles from Naples. I had the greatest difficulty to trace them; but, of course, when I did find them, I asked all the questions I could think of. Their relative's vessel, however, was by that time gone off upon a cruise; and they assured me that there was no one in the least answering to my description of Cuthbert among the crew."

"But—excuse me for cross-examining you—when you saw this man, as you say, face to face, why did you not stop him? Why did you not speak to him?"

"How could I delay while there were still human beings in that house upon which the lava was advancing? As it was, I hesitated. I felt for a moment as if I *must* follow him! And you will remember, if I had spoken, he would not have heard me. He evidently spoke to me; but I did not hear a sound."

"If you recognised him, why should not he have recognised you?"

"Well, I had lost my hat some minutes before, and the guide had given me his—a great slouch that protected my eyes, but disguised me completely."

"And were there actually people in the house?"

"There was one man—a tramp—to whom, among others, the Petrucelli had given shelter for the night; for every one believed, you know, that La Cereola and San Lorenzo were as safe as Naples itself. The fellow was lying in a dead stupor—drunk, I believe—in a sort of hay-loft; all the rest having escaped. We got him out somehow—Fink and I—but it was a hard matter; and the roof fell in a minute or two afterwards."

"You may just note, Mr. Blake, that each time my lord believed that he recognised his brother, there were seamen present," said Mr. Marrables.

"Each time; and when you remember Cuthbert's passion for the sea . . ."

"Ah! but, my dear friend, I don't believe it was he, any more than I believe in this client of Messrs. Fawcett and Clarke!"

"I tell you, Marrables, that I am positive—as positive as of my own identity!"

"But the motive, my dear friend—the motive for this long disappearance?"

"The motive? God knows! We hear of men who disappear and let their families mourn them for dead; and who have apparently no other motive than a desire to begin life afresh, and to throw off the trammels of society."

"When a man of culture and refinement does that sort of thing, it generally means that he has contracted a low marriage," said Mr. Blake; "and that is a folly which would never have been committed by the late Lord Brackenbury."

"You told us, I think, that there was a lady with this man?"

said Mr. Marrables, inquiringly.

"That day at the villa—yes."

"And she looked liked like a lady?"

"I think so."

Mr. Marrables stroked his chin, and then said, smiling:—

"There are three Richmonds in the field."

"Three Richmonds?"

"There is the man whom you saw at the villa; there is the man whom you saw the night of the eruption; and there is Messrs. Fawcett and Clarke's claimant. Now, my dear friend—a moment's patience! The man you saw at the villa, accompanied by a lady, wore a kind of uniform, and commanded a boat's crew. Richmond the First. The man you saw the night of the eruption was either a chance looker-on who made himself useful, as you did, or he was a common seaman or peasant. Richmond the Second. Finally, we have the man who, according to Fawcett and Clarke, has led a

wandering life, spent his money, and wants twenty-five thousand pounds. This gentleman is evidently neither of the previous Richmonds. He is Richmond the Third."

"Then, Marrables, you refuse to accept my positive testimony—the testimony of my own eyes?"

"I think your mind was pre-disposed to receive a certain impression, and that you were in both instances mistaken. However, be this as it may, the present question is how to deal with Richmond the Third."

Then they discussed this question of dealing with Richmond the Third, and with Richmond the Third's legal advisers. Fawcett and Clarke's letters mentioned certain proofs of identity which had been lodged in their hands. To examine these proofs, and to obtain a personal interview with their client, were obviously the first steps which should be taken. Upon these points, Lancelot and his lawyers were agreed. It was accordingly settled that Messrs. Marrables and Blake should write to Messrs. Fawcett and Clarke, expressing Lord Brackenbury's willingness to meet their client and examine his proofs of identity at such time and in such place as might best suit that gentleman's convenience.

Then Lancelot rose to go; but stopped half-way to the door, and pulled a letter from his pocket.

"Look here," he said, "I had forgotten to show you this. It is from my friend Cochrane. Tell me what you think of it."

Mr. Marrables received it with the deference due to a letter written by the Conservative representative of the borough of Singleton; but his face was grave when he laid it down.

"It is a base plot," he said, "a base and a deep-laid plot; and they mean fighting."

"But those paragraphs from *The Tocsin* and *The Court Herald*?"

"Written in Fawcett and Clarke's office."

"Good heavens!—why? If it be true—if it be only true—he has but to come to me, to put out his hand, and all I have is his! Twenty-five thousand pounds? What are twenty-five thousand pounds compared with what I owe him? You know how little I have spent of his money, Marrables; you know how it has accumulated, and to what an enormous total it has mounted during these seventeen years. It is all his. The estates are all his; the title is his—he has but to claim them!"

"And he would come to you—he would put out his hand, if it were he! Remember the affection that subsisted between your brother and yourself . . ."

"I do remember it—that is what cuts me deepest."

"Look at the antecedents of Fawcett and Clarke; think of Stephen Langtreys ruin and death; and then ask yourself if the late lord would ever have put himself into their hands. Is it credible? Is it possible? My dear Lord Brackenbury, does not your own excellent sense show you that your beloved brother would never have acted in this fashion, and that the very course pursued by Fawcett and Clarke's client proves him to be an impostor?"

Lancelot paused; drew a deep breath, and said:—

"Upon my soul, Marrables, I begin to think you are right. Invite the man to meet me; and we will soon see whether he is an impostor or not."

"I will invite him with pleasure," said Mr. Marrables. "Or rather, I will invite Fawcett and Clarke to invite him. But he will not come."

CHAPTER III.

MR. MARRABLES TELLS A LIE

HAD Mr. Marrables been the mouthpiece of the Delphic oracle, he could not have prophesied more correctly. "I will invite him with pleasure," he said; "but he will not come."

He did invite "him," and in these terms:—

"Singleton, May 2nd, 18—.

"DEAR SIR,

"We have received your favour of the 29th inst., and have communicated with our client in reference to the claim made by you on behalf of a gentleman whom you state to be his brother. It appears to us that if your client is really the person he represents himself to be, his identity can be established beyond the possibility of doubt at a personal interview with ours; and if so, all arrangements for the future are matters for discussion, not between the legal advisers of the parties, but between the brothers themselves. We have, therefore, to invite you to make an appointment for a personal meeting of the parties concerned. The gentleman under whose instructions you are acting will thus have every facility to establish his identity. It will perhaps be convenient to arrange this meeting at our office on an early day next week.

"We are, dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"MARRABLES AND BLAKE.

"To Messrs. Fawcett, Clarke, and Fawcett."

To which courteous invitation Messrs. Fawcett, Clarke, and Fawcett, after two days' delay, returned the following reply:—

"Singleton, May 5th, 18—.

"DEAR SIR,

"We duly received yours of the 2nd inst., which we have laid before our client. We regret that you should deem it necessary to propose a personal interview, as we cannot but feel that it is unnecessary, and would be painful. Our client and his brother have been so long parted, and such great domestic changes have occurred during that time, that our client feels it would be better the meeting should not take place. We shall, however, be happy ourselves to meet you, and, if you think fit, your client, whenever you please; and we are satisfied we can place documentary evidence of identity before you which will remove any doubt from the mind of yourselves or your client. Having regard, however, to the fact that our client prefers not to resume his rank and position, but to leave England as soon as possible, we think it desirable that he should retain his incognito, and that the transaction should take place with the strictest regard to privacy. We need hardly add that our client has not the least wish to have recourse to a public Court of Law; but, if his very moderate requirements are provided for in the manner we propose, would prefer to leave his brother's present position wholly undisturbed. We shall therefore be happy to attend at your office on Tuesday next, at twelve o'clock.

"We are, dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"FAWCETT, CLARKE, AND FAWCETT.

"To Messrs. Marrables and Blake."

Then Mr. Marrables himself wrote to Lancelot, advising that for the present, at all events, Fawcett and Clarke's proposal should be entertained.

"We can but investigate their so-called 'documentary evidence,'" he said, "and thence take whatsoever new departure may seem expedient. In the mean while, I may tell you that we believe we have found a clue to the whereabouts of this mysterious claimant, whom I have more than once been tempted to regard as a purely mythical personage. The Fawcetts have a client in Macclesfield with whom they are in daily communication. Frank Fawcett has been over there repeatedly within the last fortnight or three weeks, frequently running up by the morning express, and returning the same night. We sent one of our junior clerks to Macclesfield last evening to find out what he could in the town. He is a sharp fellow, and will not, I think, come back empty-handed."

The next day Mr. Marrables wrote again.

"Singleton, May 7th, 18—.

"MY DEAR LORD BRACKENBURY,

"The mysterious client at Macclesfield is a Mr. Compton. He is staying at the York Hotel; and, in so far as our clerk could learn, seems to be spending his money pretty freely. He is described as tall, light-complexioned, and about forty-five or forty-seven years of age. I mean to see this gentleman with my own eyes before many days are over. In the mean while, I look for the pleasure of receiving you here to-morrow.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Yours faithfully,

"EDWARD MARRABLES.

"To Lord Brackenbury."

Not for many years had Mr. Marrables gone so frequently to the office, or written so many business letters with his own hand. For, it must be remembered, he was now four score and seven years of age; and, notwithstanding the keenness of his intellect and the extraordinary vigour of his physique, he was in truth a very old gentleman. Old as he was, however, he was not to be daunted by even so serious an undertaking as the journey to Macclesfield and back. Confident that a colossal fraud was to the fore, he felt once more that anticipatory relish with which, in younger days, he was wont to pursue the pleasures of the legal chase.

So, having despatched his note to Lancelot Brackenbury, Mr. Marrables went home behind the gravest of cabs driven by the steadiest of elderly grooms (for the days of high-stepping greys and frisky Rorys were long since over), and sat down to his bachelor dinner with a somewhat better appetite than usual.

Now it was Mr. Marrables' invariable custom to read for two hours after dinner; and, because light reading was good for digestion, he always took a novel with his coffee. He was, in fact, an inveterate novel reader, and generally had a big box of fiction either just arrived from, or just departing to, Mudie's. Therefore, when he was comfortably settled in his easy-chair, with slipped feet, and placid mind, and the light of a shaded lamp directed full upon the first page of a certain third volume, Mr. Marrables might well be excused from looking up somewhat impatiently, and answering somewhat irritably, when interrupted with:—

"If you please, sir, there's a gentleman wants to speak to you."

"Confound you, Davis! You know I never see any one at this hour. Tell him to go to the office at Singleton any day before five. Mr. Blake will attend to him."

"I have told him so, sir," replied Davis, who was as grave as an undertaker, and had lived with Mr. Marrables for fifty years.

"And he's not gone?"

"No, sir, he says his business is very particular, and he must see you."

"Tell him to go to the devil!"

"I have told him so, sir."

"The deuce you have!"

"Not in those words precisely, sir, but equivalent."

Mr. Marrables laughed.

"Well, go back to him, Davis, and tell him, with my compliments, that I have little or nothing to do now with the business of the firm; but that my partner, Mr. Blake, will attend to him with pleasure. Say it civilly, mind."

"Yes, sir, but he won't take No for an answer."

"At all events, don't bring me another message."

Davis vanished, but reappeared immediately.

"If you please, sir, the gentleman says he is a very old friend, and that he knows you will be glad to see him."

"What's his name?"

"Won't give it, sir."

"Did you ask him for his card?"

"Won't give it, sir."

Mr. Marrables hesitated. He felt decidedly cross, and yet he could not help also feeling curious.

"Tell him to come up, and be hanged to him!" he said, his curiosity getting the better of his crossness.

Then he shut his book, got upon his feet, and resolved not to invite this unwelcome guest to be seated.

The door opened, and he came in—a tall, powerful, light-bearded man, in an overcoat and a felt hat. He took off his hat as he crossed the threshold; walked to the middle of the room; lifted the shade off the lamp, and said:—

"Mr. Marrables, do you know me?"

The colour fled from Mr. Marrables' rosy face. He stared at the stranger, and said nothing.

"Mr. Marrables," his visitor repeated, "do you know me?"

Then Mr. Marrables, for the first time in his life, told a lie. He said:—

"No."

"Your looks say 'Yes,' my old friend. Why does your tongue say 'No'?"

Again Mr. Marrables was silent.

"Look once more. Have seventeen years so changed me? Is it possible that you don't even recognise my voice? I am Cuthbert Brackenbury."

Mr. Marrables, trembling from head to foot, dropped into his easy-chair.

"I—I presume," he said, trying to speak with cold composure,

"I presume I have the honour of speaking to Mr. Compton—from Macclesfield."

"Compton from Macclesfield? What do you mean? I tell you I am Cuthbert Brackenbury! What is this about my brother and the property? I saw it only four days ago in the *Fanfulla*. The Italian papers are full of it. I had but just come ashore at Trieste, and in the first café I entered, there I read it! I started for England next morning, and here I am. Is it true? Is his title disputed? And on what grounds? And by whom?"

"Is it not—you—who dispute it?" stammered Mr. Marrables.

"I? Are you mad? The *Fanfulla* speaks of a pretender to the title—is there any such pretender? If so, he is an impostor, and I am here to unmask him."

Mr. Marrables almost gasped for breath; then, half-laughing, half-crying, he stretched out both his hands, and said:—

"Cuthbert, my dear boy, forgive me! I recognised you the moment you came into the room. God bless you!"

Then, for some minutes, their talk was all broken exclamations, half-finished sentences, eager questions, and rapid answers.

"And you thought I was dead? Every one thought so, did they not? And Lancelot?"

"Lancelot did not believe it for years—I doubt, in fact, if he ever really believed it, though he yielded at last to necessity and took the title. After that, he fancied he saw you. . . ."

"Saw me?"

"Ay, about twelve years ago, in South Italy. First at the house where you lived as boys. . . ."

"Ah!"

"Next, during the great eruption of Vesuvius, coming out of some burning house at. . . I forget the name of the place—"

"San Lorenzo! Yes, I was there, with some of my crew. It was at a farmhouse belonging to my wife's relations, and we were saving what we could."

"You are married, then?"

"Yes."

"And in the Navy?"

"I am a shipowner, and the captain of a merchant vessel—rich for my station in life—active—happy. Enough of me. Tell me about Lancelot!"

"Your brother is also married," said Mr. Marrables, with some embarrassment.

"I know it. He is married to Winifred. I saw it in the papers. I thought they would have married sooner. They waited four years."

"Oh! then you expected. . . ."

"I knew he loved her, of course; and I knew she loved him."

"And that was why. . . ."

"Why I went away? Well, it was one of my strongest motives; but not the only one. I hated my life in England. I was sick of society, and of the dismal round of visiting, dining, shooting, listening to speeches, and yawning in club-windows. I could not breathe here. I pined for liberty. And when I had made sure that liberty for myself meant happiness to the two people who were dearest to me in the world. . . . Well, I cut the Gordian knot, and took my fate in my own hands. But tell me about Lancelot. Is he well? Is he happy? Have they children?"

To which Mr. Marrables replied that they were the happiest pair he had ever known, out of a novel; and that they were the parents of three splendid boys, the eldest of whom was named Cuthbert, after his lost uncle.

"And he is like you, too," added the little lawyer. "He is the only fair one—the others are both dark, like their father."

"God bless him—and them. My namesake, too! I long to see him!" said Lord Brackenbury, with emotion.

Mr. Marrables looked at him.

"And you?" he said, anxiously. "Have you also a family?"

"One little daughter—very delicate. That is my only earthly trouble. His children are healthy?"

"As young savages."

"He still paints?"

"He not only paints, and paints well, but his pictures sell for good prices; which, I take it, is a sound test of merit. He has two in this year's *Salon*."

"One of those must be mine, if both are not sold already. And now, what about these rumours in the papers?"

"One question first, to satisfy an old man's curiosity!" said Mr. Marrables. "How did you manage to disappear that night after you got out of the carriage?"

Lord Brackenbury smiled.

Very easily, he said; so easily that he only wondered why no one had hit upon the truth. Mr. Marrables would remember that he stayed several weeks in Genoa. Well, while in Genoa, instead of hiring a yacht, he bought a boat—a rickety old skiff, which he could sail or row as he pleased. He used to be out for hours on the water daily; sometimes with a boy to steer; sometimes alone. Oftenest alone. In this boat, he explored the coast between Genoa and La Spezzia; and, having discovered a little creek in a lonely spot under the cliffs, about a mile and a half north of La Spezzia, he decided to make that his point of departure. To stock the boat with food and fresh water, some sand for ballast, and a change of clothing such as a rough seaman might wear, was easy enough. Not quite so easy was it to get the boat off; to leave it hidden and ready in that little creek; to find his own way up the cliffs and through the woods, avoiding observation till he reached the post-road and overtook the Diligence, by which he returned late, that same night, to Genoa. This done, the rest was all plain sailing.

He alighted from the yellow calèche at precisely the nearest spot to the point for which he was bound; and, long enough before those at the Croce di Malta set out to look for him, he was sheltering in his boat under a tarpaulin, waiting only for the violence of the storm to subside, that he might put out to sea. When by and by the wind fell and the sky cleared, he changed his clothes, pushed his boat off, set his little sail, and ran before the breeze half-way back to Genoa. Happily, the wind veered round to the north about dawn of day; and then, keeping well out to sea, and with no other aid than a map and a pocket-compass, he made direct for the little island of Gorgona, which lies about twenty miles to the S.W. of Leghorn, and rather more than forty from La Spezzia. Here, with some tacking and difficulty (having sunk his own clothing in a bag weighted with sand), he landed safe and sound, after two nights and two days in an open boat. Passing as a Genoese fisherman, he then remained at Gorgona till the end of July, taking employment in the anchovy-fishing, and earning his weekly wage like any other of the "chance hands" who run across from the mainland at that season. Thence, having sold his boat, he went on to Corsica and Sardinia; and, by and by, crossed from Cagliari to Corfu, and from Corfu to Brindisi.

All this he did in pursuance of a fixed plan; that plan being to purchase a merchant-vessel, and take up, for good and all, with the life of an ocean-trader.

"And have you no home on terra-firma?" asked Mr. Marrables, when so much was told.

But Lord Brackenbury, instead of replying to this question, went back to the subject of his first inquiries.

Then Mr. Marrables stated all he knew, and showed him copies of the correspondence between himself and the firm of Fawcett and Clarke.

"And there is really a claimant?"

"So it seems—the man calling himself Compton, and putting up in Macclesfield. Now, if he has actually placed in Fawcett and Clarke's hands the papers named in their letter, and if those papers are genuine, how did he come by them? Where were all those letters and bills, where were those inventories of the diamonds, when you left your travelling-carriage?"

"In my black bag, on the floor, beside where I was sitting."

"You are sure of that?"

"As sure as that I am here. I left them there on purpose."

"And you took nothing with you?"

"Nothing but the diamonds and money in my belt, and two small miniatures—Lancelot's and my mother's."

"Can you remember whether there were any other letters in the bag, besides your brother's and Lady. . . . I mean, Miss Savage's?"

"Yes; there were some from Mellor. Dead? poor fellow! I am sorry to hear that. One from Sir Reginald Barker, about the sale of a carriage-horse; one, if not two, from yourselves—Marrables and Blake; and all my hotel bills, from the time of leaving England. I shall remember more, I daresay, when I have time to think about it."

"These things must have been stolen from your bag between the time of your leaving the carriage and the arrival of your brother at La Spezzia."

Lord Brackenbury considered for a moment; then, with his gravely ironical smile, he said:—

"I know now who the gentleman is. He is my man, Prouting."

Half an hour later, when their plan of operations was concerted, Mr. Marrables scribbled a note to Lancelot, telling him that the meeting was unavoidably postponed, and begging him to make no kind of move, meanwhile, in the matter. To Fawcett and Clarke, he also wrote a line to say that, being himself unable to go to Singleton to-morrow, he trusted it would not inconvenience those gentlemen to defer their visit till Wednesday at the same hour.

"And now, my dear friend," said the little lawyer, "I will do what I ought to have done long since—order your supper to be prepared and your bedroom to be got ready."

But Lord Brackenbury wanted neither food nor lodging. He had put up at the Railway Inn at Sandbach, where the people were all new, and nobody was likely to recognise him; and at Sandbach he had hired a horse, and so ridden over. The horse awaited him in the stables of the village inn close by.



THE BATHING SEASON AT "THE ZOO"—PACHYDERMS AT PLAY

"We had better meet to-morrow at Macclesfield," he said, "and go together to the York Hotel. One thing is certain—that, once having secured Mr. Compton, we must not lose sight of him."

"And having taken possession of him—having brought him here, let us say, in readiness to be produced on Wednesday—what do you yourself propose to do?" asked Mr. Marrables.

"You—you yourself—Cuthbert, Lord Brackenbury. You do not, I presume, intend to resume your titles and estates?" Lord Brackenbury frowned.

"I mean to confirm my brother in both to the utmost of my power."

"In what way?"

"You must tell me in what way. I am ready to make any declaration, to sign any paper, that may be desirable and necessary."

"And are you so little learned in the law that you think you can do this thing? You are not a King, my dear friend, that you can abdicate in favour of the next heir, at your pleasure. You are a peer of Great Britain—a member of the Legislature; one whose functions are strictly hereditary, and who has no power to delegate those functions to another."

"Is that so, Marrables?"

"That is absolutely so. In so far as the estates go, you can—there having been no resettlement—release them to your brother; but Baron Brackenbury you are, *volens volens*, and Baron Brackenbury you remain, till the title passes to the next in succession."

Lord Brackenbury looked down; put his hand over his mouth; and sat silent.

"If you wish your brother Lancelot to retain his name and station," continued Mr. Marrables, with a solemnity of manner that was the more impressive because so unusual, "then to him you must remain for ever dead. Knowing you to be alive, he could neither bear your title nor transmit it to his eldest son. He would have no right to sit, or to vote, as a peer. If he did so, he would be guilty of a fraud—dishonoured in his own eyes, and, if discovered, disgraced in the eyes of the world."

"I had not thought of this," said Lord Brackenbury, in a low voice. "What would you have me do?"

"I would have you keep out of sight altogether. To the man prouting you must reveal yourself—for that there is no help; but he is in our power, and must do precisely what we choose. He shall make full confession of his guilt; but he shall not betray that you are living. We will make that condition the price of his pardon—otherwise we hand him over to the tender mercies of the law, and he gets, in all probability, seven years' penal servitude. In the mean while, Marrables and Blake must for once be credited with even more than their due share of legal acumen. We must be supposed to have found it all out, through our own sharpness."

"But this, after all, is a half-measure. It seems to me that we are simply scheming to keep a secret; and that Lancelot's position is as uncertain as ever."

"You can release the estate to your brother, absolutely; and without his knowledge."

"Of course, I will do that."

"And lest it should some day be necessary to produce evidence for the security of his title, you can leave a written statement in our hands—a statement in full of all that you have told me to-night and of as much more as may be needful, showing how you went away of your own act and deed; giving the date and particulars of your marriage; and stating that you are without heirs male of your body, whose interests would prejudice the interests of Lancelot's children. This statement, sealed with your seal, can lie at our office till your death, and not even then be delivered to your heirs unless under pressure of some great emergency."

"Yes; I will do that also."

"But then we must know where you live, in case it be necessary to communicate with you; and you must provide that your executors over yonder give our firm due notice of your decease."

Lord Brackenbury nodded.

"And if at any time you become the father of a son . . ."

"That will never be, my good friend. The birth of our little girl very nearly left me a widower; and my wife, I am told, will never be a mother again."

Mr. Marrables drew a deep breath.

"Then our greatest difficulty vanishes," he said. "I regret the fact for your sake, my dear Lord Brackenbury; but I do not pretend to deny that it relieves my mind of a very serious burden."

"Don't call me 'Lord Brackenbury,' Marrables," said the other. "I have done with that name for ever. I am Cesare Donato, of the Italian merchant-service, and captain of the brig *Diamante*."

CHAPTER IV.

"GOOD-BYE, LANCELOT!"

LANCELOT'S mind was full of troubled thoughts, as he rode over to Singleton on the Wednesday morning. As yet, following Mr. Marrables' counsel and the promptings of his own good sense, he had told Winifred none of these things; but he now began to feel that it would not be easy to preserve silence much longer. Let it only be ascertained that this Mr. Compton—who was "spending his money pretty freely" at Macclesfield, and the mysterious claimant, were one and the same, he too must see the man with his own eyes. But how should he go to Macclesfield without assigning some reason for the expedition? Would it not be better to tell all to his wife, and to tell it at once, before rumours should reach her from without? He never saw Winifred open a letter now, or take up a newspaper, without an uneasy dread of its possible contents.

Arrived at Marrables and Blake's office, he found the two Fawcetts already drawn up in order of battle. Old Clarke now survived only in the name of the firm; Francis Fawcett had become a middle-aged man; but Fawcett senior, thanks to his *toupée*, his hair-dye, and his teeth, looked hardly any older than when he paid his memorable visit to Langtreay Grange. If his figure and complexion betrayed, perchance, a too self-indulgent habit of life, his hand was as well-shaped, and his smile as conspicuous, as ever.

A black bag stood beside him on the table. From this bag, after due preliminaries, he brought out some bundles of letters and papers.

"We have the honour," he said, in his florid way, "to submit to you, gentlemen, on the part of our client, Lord Brackenbury. . . ."

"I beg your pardon," Mr. Marrables interrupted, promptly. "I protest against that application of our client's name and title."

Mr. Fawcett coughed, and smiled significantly.

"We have the honour to submit to you, gentlemen, firstly a packet of letters from his lordship's brother, the Honourable Lancelot Brackenbury, now present; secondly, a packet of letters from the lady who was then Miss Winifred Savage; thirdly, a packet of business letters from the late Mr. Joseph Mellor, who was at that time his lordship's steward and agent; fourthly, a packet of miscellaneous correspondence (including a letter, gentlemen, from yourselves, signed Marrables and Blake); fifthly, a parcel of hotel bills duly receipted, beginning with the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, from which point his lordship started, and ending with bills contracted at the Hotel Feder, Genoa, where he was staying when he made his famous purchase of the diamonds. Lastly—and these documents are of great importance—various papers connected with the sale and purchase of the said diamonds; namely, the *Avvocato Moro's* formal receipt for the sum of 31,000*l.* sterling, the original inventory of the jewels, and a list of the stones when unset and classified according to size and weight. This last list is in his lordship's own handwriting. We have also a mass of private memoranda, small bills, and the like; as well as a cigarette-case which your client will probably recognise."

Lancelot did recognise it, instantly—a little Russia-leather case mounted in silver, which he had himself given to his brother not long before they parted. He then took up the first packet, consisting of his own letters; opened them one by one; scrutinised dates and postmarks, and passed them on to Mr. Marrables. He examined the papers relating to the diamonds, the hotel-bills, and so on; but Winifred's letters he put on one side, unopened.

"I presume you admit the authenticity of these documents?" said Fawcett, senior.

Mr. Marrables, as if unwilling to commit himself to an opinion, replied by a little deprecatory gesture of the hand; but Lancelot answered at once.

"I believe them to be perfectly genuine," he said. "I can answer for my own letters, and for my wife's handwriting on the envelopes of these others."

"You will permit me to look at the letter which professes to be from ourselves?" said Mr. Marrables. "Humph!—written on our office-paper, I see; it looks very like the real thing."

"It is the real thing, Mr. Marrables," said John Fawcett.

"And the packet of miscellaneous correspondence?—no, thank you. I don't desire to examine it. I am only wondering if it contains a letter from Sir Reginald Barker to Lord Brackenbury—in reference to the sale of a carriage-horse?"

"I—I believe there is some such letter," said Fawcett, unable to conceal his astonishment.

Even Lancelot wondered how Mr. Marrables should know what was in the packet.

"And those miniatures of his mother and brother, which the late Lord Brackenbury always took with him when he travelled—you can, of course, produce those also?"

The Fawcetts looked at each other—hesitated—admitted that they had nothing of the kind.

"You are quite sure, Frank, that his lordship did not mention the miniatures?" suggested the uncle.

Then Francis Fawcett seemed to search his memory. He could not be sure—he would not venture to say positively; yet he fancied that something of the kind had been named.

"And now," said Mr. Marrables, with the air of a man who was coming to the point—"and now, gentlemen, supposing your 'documentary evidence' to be *bonâ fide*, there arises another question. How did your client obtain possession of these papers?"

"He did not 'obtain,' he *retained* possession of them, Mr. Marrables," said the elder Fawcett, severely.

Mr. Marrables smiled.

"Let us treat this matter seriously," he said. "You cannot, as men of business, suppose that my client would accept the mere authenticity of any number of documents as evidence of personal identity? Your client, gentlemen, is neither a bill nor a letter. He is not receipted; he has not been through the post."

"We wish to treat this matter seriously, Mr. Marrables. It is not we who treat it with levity," replied the younger Fawcett. "We are quite aware that more conclusive testimony is necessary; and here it is."

With this, he brought out some sheets of folded foolscap, and opened them upon the table.

"The signed declaration of Abraham Stanway, of Burfield Moor. Abraham Stanway testifies to recognising his lordship, and to being reminded by his lordship of various circumstances which he had himself forgotten till they were brought back to his memory. I need not go into details—you can read them for yourself. The signed declaration of Isaac Plant, who has also recognised his former landlord. The signed declaration of Seth Plant, son of the above, to the same effect. The signed declaration of Zachary and Keziah Myott; also to the same effect. All these witnesses are prepared to substantiate their testimony upon oath."

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Marrables. "Really this is interesting. Your own tenants, my dear Lord Brackenbury—your own respected and respectable tenants!"

"Do you object to the witnesses, Mr. Marrables?"

"Oh, dear, no! Quite the contrary—I am charmed. And does this complete your case?"

"Not quite. We have yet to submit to your client's consideration his lordship's account of his life and travels during the past seventeen years, taken down from his lordship's own *visâ voce* statement; together with various letters and papers relating to the period of his residence in San Francisco and elsewhere. We shall be happy to leave you copies of these, for your client's perusal at leisure."

"Don't you think, now (to be candid), Mr. Fawcett, that it would save us all a great deal of trouble if your client would kindly consent to an interview, and tell his story for himself?"

"No, sir—I do not," replied the elder man, half angrily. "We have already explained that his lordship objects to meet his brother under the present altered and painful circumstances. There is no need, sir, to go over that ground again."

"But we deny that the circumstances are painful, Mr. Fawcett. It may be disagreeable to your client to want money, but we beg to assure you that, were he the person you represent him to be, nothing would give us more pleasure than to satisfy his demands."

"He should have four times twenty-five thousand pounds," said Lancelot, speaking for the second time.

"You hear that, gentlemen? A hundred thousand pounds is a large sum. Your client has but to present himself in person (and to convince us of his identity), and a hundred thousand pounds are at his disposal."

There was a momentary silence. Then Francis Fawcett spoke.

"I will freely confess, Mr. Marrables, that I am somewhat of your opinion. I wish our client *could* be prevailed upon to meet his brother; but when a man has been supplanted in his dearest affections . . ."

Lancelot half rose from his chair; but Mr. Marrables checked him with a gesture.

"I am delighted," he said, "that Mr. Francis Fawcett takes so business-like a view of the matter. And, such being the case, I cannot doubt that these gentlemen will be pleased to learn that their client has consented to give us the pleasure of his company."

Whereupon Mr. Marrables rapped the table with a ruler, and there entered Mr. Blake, followed, very slowly and reluctantly, by a sandy-haired, showily-dressed man of perhaps forty-five or forty-seven years of age.

"My dear Lord Brackenbury," said Mr. Marrables, "I have the pleasure of presenting to you Messrs. Fawcett and Clarke's mysterious client. This is Mr. Compton, *alias* Cuthbert, Lord Brackenbury, *alias* Samuel Prouting, who was your brother's valet."

"You are sure you have all you want, Prouting?"

"Quite sure, my lord."

"There is nothing I can do for you in any way?"

"You—you have done too much already, my lord. More than I deserve."

There is humility in the words; but the man's manner is even more humble. He stands shuffling his feet and nervously clasping and unclasping his hands; the picture of self-abasement.

Lord Brackenbury looks at him almost with compassion.

"Well, you have acted the part of a great scoundrel, Prouting," he says; "but it is open to you to do better in the future."

"I wish to do better, my lord."

"It rests with yourself. You have the world once more before you. And it is not as if you were going back to California or the

States. In Canada, you will find yourself among new scenes and new people. You can make a fresh start if you choose."

"Indeed, my lord, I will."

They are standing on the deck of an Allan Line steamer bound for Quebec. It is almost dark; and the smoke and noise and confusion of Liverpool and the Mersey are around them.

"Well, if you want help or advice, you are to write to Mr. Blake; but to attempt to deceive us in any way will be useless—and impossible. There goes the bell—so good-bye to you."

"Good-bye, my lord. I'm—I'm truly grateful for your goodness—and . . ."

"And what? Make haste—they are going to remove the gangway."

"And please, my lord, if you approved, I'd write to Lettice by and by, when I was settled; and if she cared to come out and bring the boy."

Lord Brackenbury hesitates—then shakes his head.

"No," he says sternly. "The woman has suffered enough; and the lad has never seen you. Leave them in peace."

With this he goes ashore; and the gangway is withdrawn; and presently the *Proserpine* is under way.

Four hours later, Lord Brackenbury is once more standing on the deck of a big steamer; and this time he is there as a passenger. The vessel is a Cunarder bound for the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas, and he has taken his passage direct for Bari. He is going home; and without having seen his brother's face.

Looking back at the fast-receding lights of the great city, he tells himself that this last is the hardest sacrifice of all.

"Good-bye, Lancelot!"

The night is dark, and there are none to see his tears.

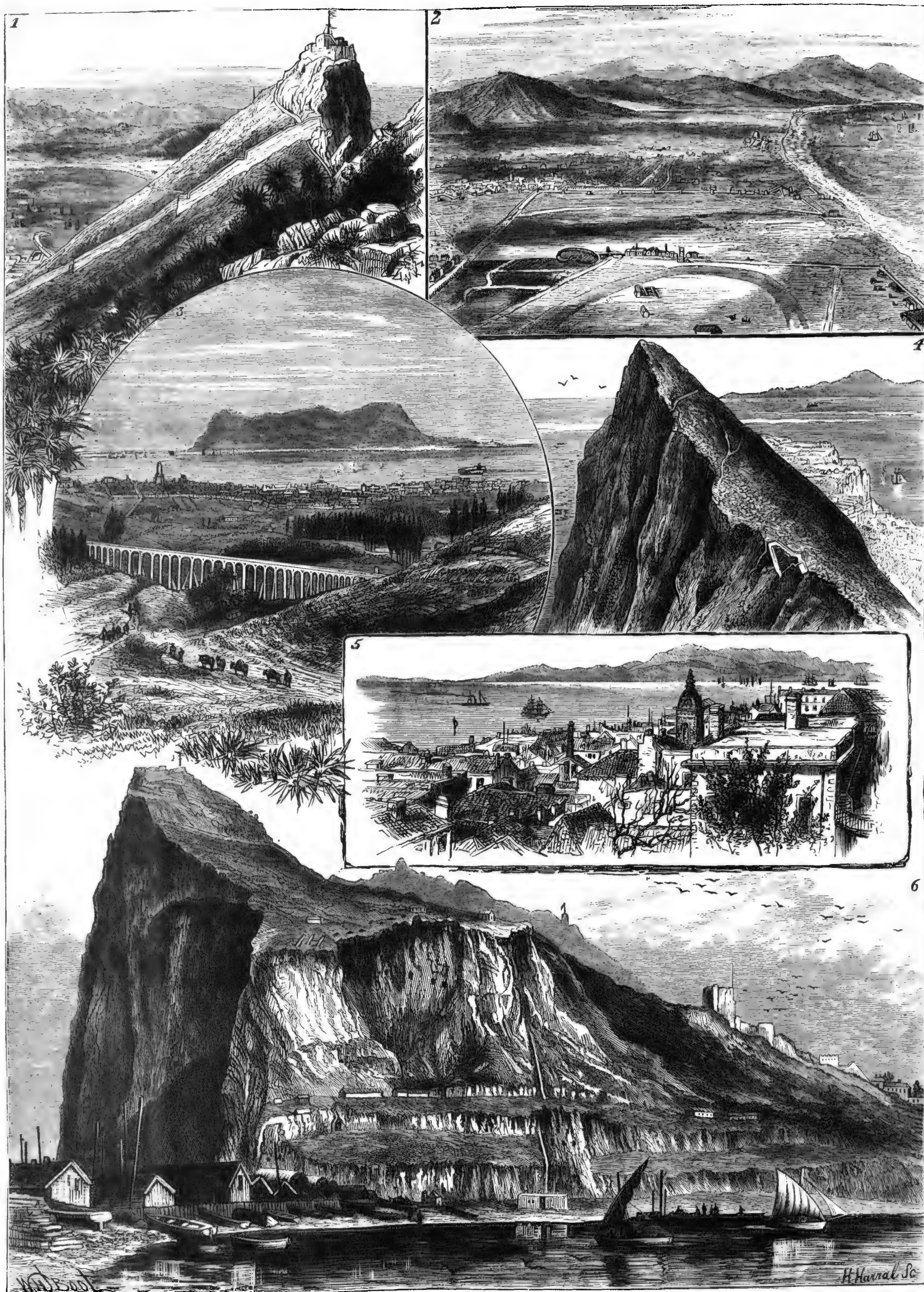
THE END.



"THE DEAN'S WIFE," a novel, by Mrs. Eiloart (3 vols., Samuel Tinsley).—Novels with quiet Cathedral precincts for their stage, and with the families of the Dean and Chapter for *dramatis personæ*, have become numerous enough to form a complete school of fiction, with familiar and easily recognised characteristics of its own. Mr. Anthony Trollope, to the best of our recollection, is the only eminent author of Cathedral novels who has been bold enough to dissect a Bishop in the privacy of his own palace; but Mrs. Eiloart has shown scarcely less courage by making a Dean the hero of a most uncompromisingly sensational mystery. This is a feat which to some extent distinguishes her latest work from the Cathedral novel properly so called. The weakness of the school, according to one set of opinions, its strength according to another, consists in its indifference to the charge of being trivial and dull. Mrs. Eiloart sets out in the orthodox manner; and, in her descriptions of life at Carminster, as she names her clerical city, does very fairly well what has very often, perhaps too often, been done before quite as ably. But presently she appears to be seized with a dread lest a mere Dean should prove too heavy for her hand to lift unless she can put him into a situation wherein no Dean ever yet was found, or probably ever will be. We will not say what she has done with the Dean of Carminster, lest we should spoil a decidedly ingenious and, in its conduct, a rather amusing mystery—it is enough to have pointed out how, by a bold stroke of inconsistency, she contrives to combine the leading elements of the sensational romance with those of the sober Cathedral school. The effect is strikingly incongruous, to say the least, but cannot be regarded as unsuccessful so far as the supreme consideration of interest is concerned. Several of her characters have an interest of their own, independently of the singular plot that connects them. More especially noteworthy are her contrasted studies of the Germans, father and sons: the father, a jobbing tailor and preacher, made up of earnestness and simplicity; one son, a fashionable and theatrical clergyman, and something of a charlatan, who is ashamed of his origin and calls himself Germaine; the other son, more of a real man than lady novelists seem in general able to imagine, whom an early error has strengthened and ennobled into being something better than a nominal and conventional hero. Mrs. Eiloart has sound and decided views about the nature of women's life and work; and, on the whole, in spite of faults in art and of eccentricity in construction, "The Dean's Wife" must be classed as a decidedly good if not entirely satisfactory novel.

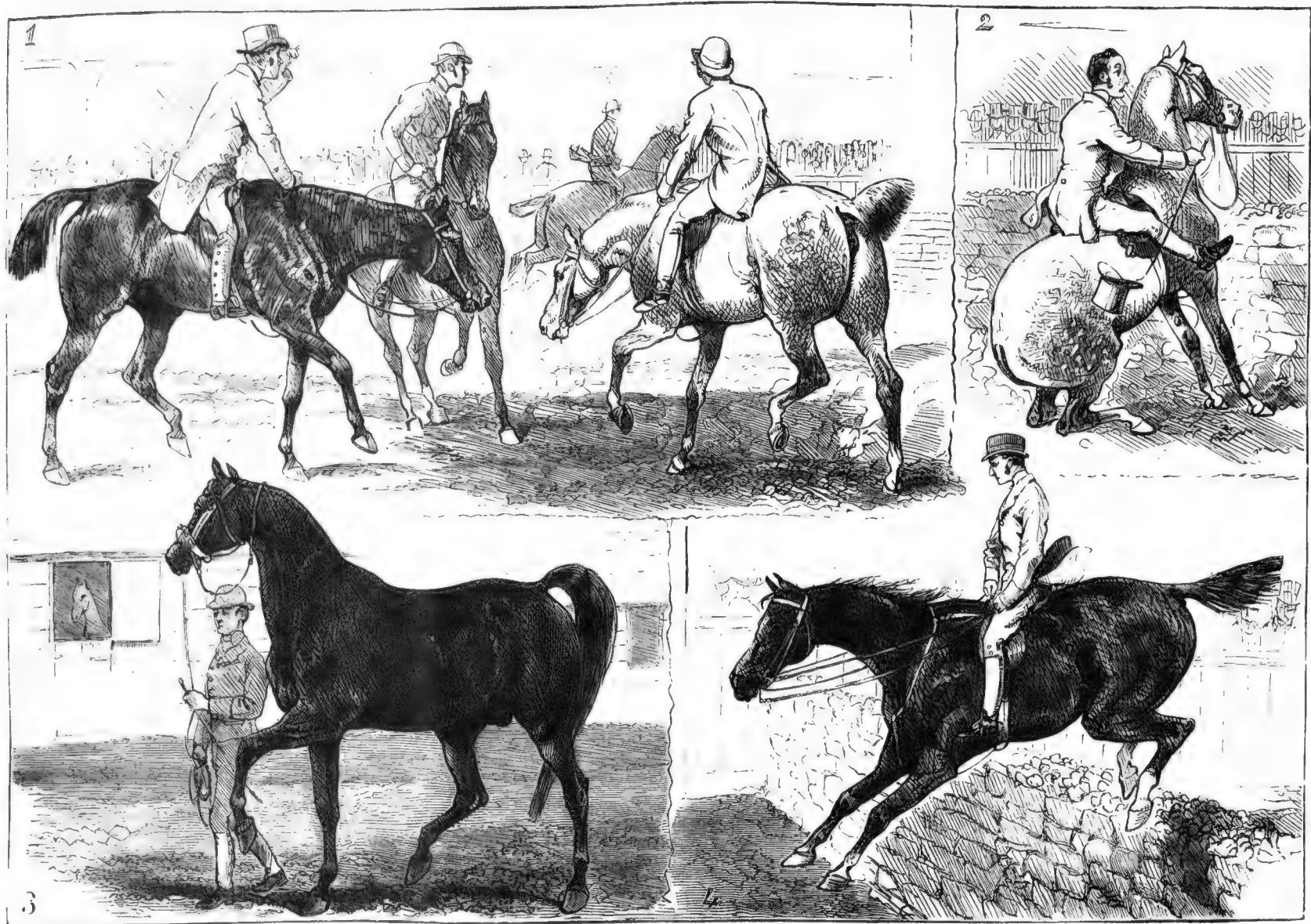
"Amy Wynter:—a Novel, by Thomas A. Pinkerton (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—Mr. Pinkerton has written a very clever and amusing book, with which little blame could be found had he not chosen to call it "A Novel." Considered as a novel, the plot is nothing better than a clumsy and uninteresting piece of patchwork, and the characters mere nobodies. But then, on the other hand, these nobodies very often say and do exceedingly amusing things, like the anonymous and otherwise unknown heroes of many a good jest and story; and spread over the book are country sketches, descriptions of nature, pictures of cricket matches, salmon-fishing, and so forth which are excellent when taken by themselves, and abound in life and humour. A good point is made where one of the characters whom Nature had meant for a sporting farmer, but whom uncongenial fortune had made a vicar, makes up his mind at last to follow Nature, and cannot help overdoing his part in the spirit of an escaped schoolboy. Mr. Pinkerton appears to have got together a number of anecdotes from observations of real life made at first hand, and then to have manufactured a set of characters whereon to hang them. The anecdotes remain good, but do not succeed in changing into flesh and blood the very wooden pegs upon which they happen to be hung. Nobody, with any sense of humour, can fail to read "Amy Wynter" with much amusement and considerable pleasure; so that the book is by no means to be condemned because, in calling it a novel, its author has invited criticism of a much severer nature. While "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring," and awkwardly cooked besides, its odds and ends of material are good enough in themselves to make it an agreeable dish in its way.

"Marriage Bonds, or Christian Hazell's Married Life," and "The Flynns of Flynnville" (Ward, Lock and Co.), are two novels reprinted, in the publishers' series of "Favourite Authors," from *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, and *The Young Englishwoman* respectively. Both are by the same author who, anonymous on the title page of the former, appears on that of the latter as C. J. Hamilton, and, in a preface, identifies himself, or herself, with the pseudonym of Ketlaw Spring. Apart from their details much the same sort of criticism applies to both novels. Both plots are somewhat too improbable for fiction, however much truth may underlie them: for in matter of probability the novelist who professes any sort of realism must not venture to rival reality. Both deal with Ireland and Irish life, and are more true to national peculiarities of thought and speech than they are to human nature in general. They are interesting and exciting, considered as rather sensational romances, and deal with strong and sometimes, it must be owned, rather causeless and not very sympathetic passions. At any rate, the several characters are content to speak and to do, without over much self-conscious reflection; and that alone keeps up the swing and spirit of their story. The two novels do not belong to a high order of fiction, but are certain to catch and maintain the attention of a not too minutely fastidious reader.

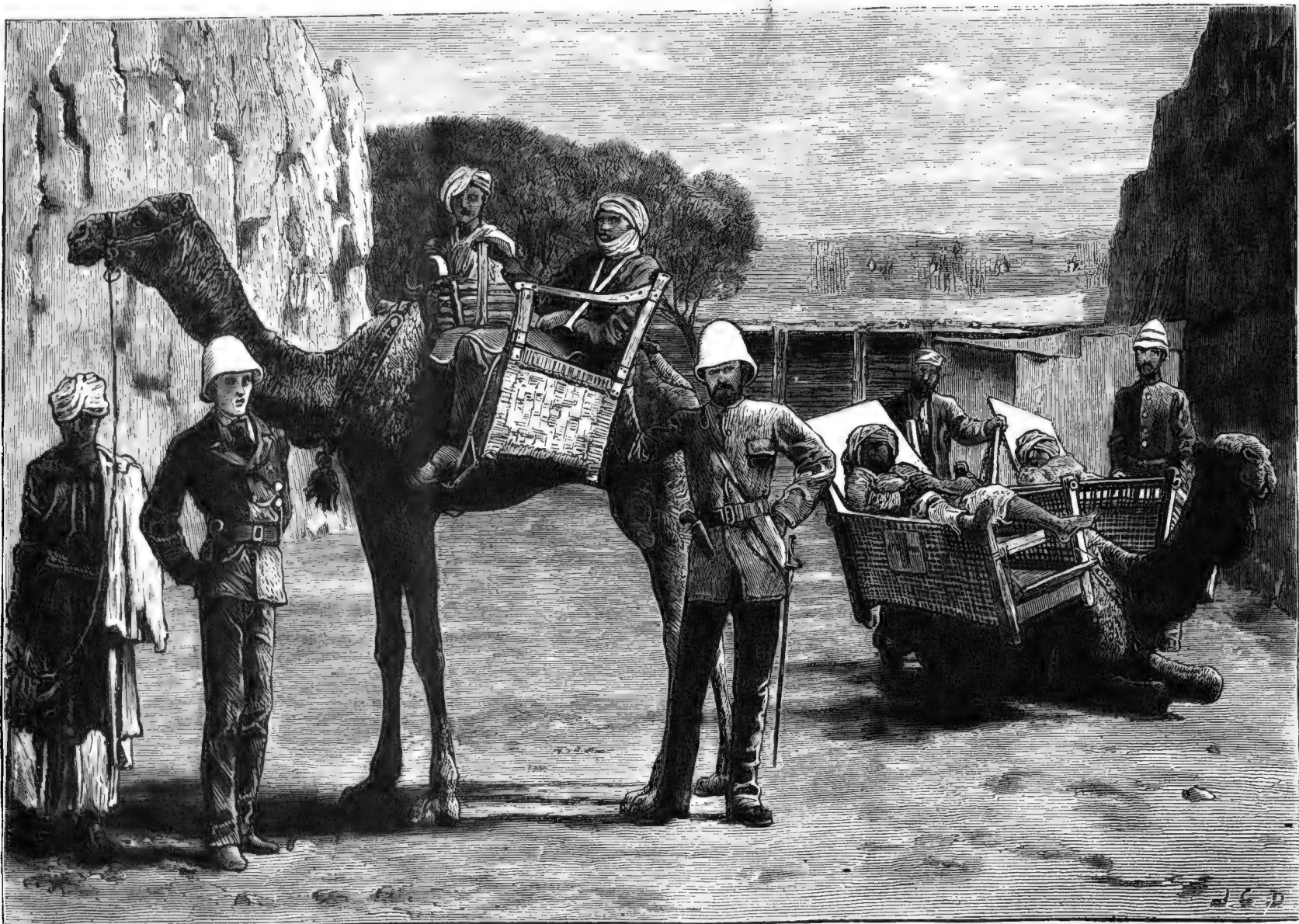


1. The Signal Station.—2. The "Neutral Ground" from the Galleries.—3. The Rock from beyond Algeciras.—4. View of O'Hara's Tower from the Signal Station Looking South.—5. The Bay and Part of the Town from above the Garrison Library.—6. The Rock, from the Calfe Foundry.

SKETCHES AT GIBRALTAR



1. The Stone Wall Competition : Waiting Their Turn.—2. Not Going Any Farther.—3. A Thoroughbred.—4. An Old Hand.
NOTES AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW



AFGHANISTAN—A CAMEL AMBULANCE AT KURRUM

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.—It has just been decided by a London magistrate that waiters who receive no salary, but are dependent on gratuities from customers, are not "servants" in the strict legal sense of the term; and that, therefore, if they neglect to hand over the money they receive for refreshments, they cannot be prosecuted for embezzlement, though the "debt" may be recoverable from them by civil process.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."—A novel and singular reading of this old proverb was the other day suggested by a young man who, having robbed his widowed mother of 9*l.* 10*s.*, wrote to her acknowledging the theft, and telling her not to worry, as he had had a revelation where it was kept, and "it was like as if God told me to take it." He repeated the same plea to the magistrates before whom he was charged, but without effect, his sentence being six months' hard labour.

"JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER."—At Bow Street the other day a respectable-looking young man applied to the magistrate to assist him in finding his parents. His statement was that on the 23rd of July, 1862, when only eighteen months old, he was found in St. James's Park by a policeman; that, as no one claimed him, he was brought up by the parish authorities, who gave him the name of Martin Richard Park. He has since been in service, and, being now nearly twenty years of age, is desirous of tracing his parents.

MORE NICE THAN WISE.—At Liverpool a solicitor's clerk, whose sumptuary taste seems to have been greater than his legal knowledge, has been bound over to keep the peace, and condemned to pay the costs of an action brought against him by a young engineer for interfering with him during a railway journey. It appeared that he had called the complainant "no gentleman," and had said that he had no business to enter the carriage "in such a dirty state." The magistrate, in deciding the case, said that if a person chose to travel third class, and a sweep sat down beside him, he had no reason to complain.

KNOCKER-WRENCHING is an amusement against which the Dublin magistrates appear to have sternly set their faces. Three "young gentlemen" were the other day charged with this offence before Mr. O'Donel, who sent them to prison for a month, telling them at the same time that twelve years ago he had imposed a similar sentence upon some young men, every hour of which they had to endure notwithstanding the fact that enormous influence was used to obtain an alteration of the punishment on account of their respectability. Before that time fines had been repeatedly imposed without effect, but since then he had invariably imposed imprisonment as the only mode in his opinion of protecting the inhabitants from that class of injury.

A MUTINY IN A REFORMATORY broke out at Stanwix, Carlisle, on Monday. One of the boys, who had escaped a fortnight before, had been captured at Ripon and taken back on that day; and at night, when the governor went as usual to the dormitory to read prayers, he found the gas turned out. He had scarcely time to ask the reason of this, when he was struck on the head with a stick, and fell down insensible. All the boys then rushed out of the building; but in a short time some of them returned voluntarily, and a few others were arrested. About twenty of them, however, remained away, and the police have hitherto searched for them in vain.



THE SPRINGS in many parts of England have not been so low as they are now since November, 1854, and they are especially low in the chalk districts of the South-Eastern counties. This, according to all precedent, is a very bad promise for the health of country towns and villages during next year. It is an unpleasant statistical fact that depressing and unseasonable weather seems to be in some mysterious way the most healthy; thus a warm damp winter, a backward spring, and a cold, broken period from June to September, almost invariably show a lower death rate than a dry frosty winter, a spring of sunshine and showers, and a hot, still time from Midsummer to Michaelmas; and this not only on the whole year, but in detail, and month by month.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will meet at Derby next year, and several very good prizes will be given for the best-managed farms in the county of Derby. All entries must be sent in to the Society's Secretary before the 1st of November next. Forms of entry are forwarded by the Secretary.

NEW CORN is now coming to the front in all parts of England, the deliveries of wheat especially being largely increased from a fortnight ago. Value, unfortunately, is very low, wheat making under forty shillings, and barley being nearly ten shillings cheaper than this time last year. Oats at 20*s.* are likewise below last year's level of value. New oats and barley give satisfaction as a rule, but wheat is very variable. The present wheat prices are not only cheaper than in 1879—as is natural after the better harvest—but they are lower than in 1878, 1877, or 1876 by 3*s.* 3*d.*, 17*s.* 7*d.*, and 7*s.* 1*d.* per qr. respectively. The harvest is no blessing to farmers when wheat is down to 39*s.* 11*d.*, and a proportionate depression is on the trade for barley and for oats.

FLOODS seem a curious subject to occur in juxtaposition to a complaint of low springs, yet the recent rains have sufficed to flood the Midland levels, and inflict serious losses on the farmers of ill-drained or riverside holdings. These disasters are sure to occur with each successive year, though some times one river more than another is the source of damage to the country. In July the Trent was the principal offender, in September it appears to be the Soar. The Trent, however, became very swollen on last Saturday, and partial floods marked the courses of the Witham, the Wye, the Ouse, the Derwent, and the Dove. In connection with these notes it may be said that fishing has for the time being been rendered impracticable in the Midland streams, but has been fairly good in the West and South-West of England. The Thames is high, thick, and disturbed. Fair takes of roach, perch, and bream.

ANGLERS will have a grand dinner on the 1st of November, when four hundred brethren of the craft will sit down at the Bridge House Hotel, under the presidency of Sir Henry Peek, M.P. The vice-chair will be filled by Mr. P. Green, a well-known organiser of angling associations, to whom, care of the *Fishing Gazette*, 12, Fetter Lane, E.C., anglers' applications for tickets should be made.

FISHING AT ILFRACOMBE is neither lacking in variety, or poor in results if we believe the tales of three gentlemen whose prowess on five days of the week before last ended in baskets of 765 fish, total weight, 619 lbs., sorts: conger, pollock, mackerel, whiting, bream, and codlings.

THE WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT, which has just received the Royal Assent, is a measure consolidating three old Acts, and extending their provisions over some cases previously escaping the law. It will afford some delicate work for magistrates, but is on the whole a very satisfactory statute.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT will probably affect farmers and squires as well as manufacturers, for it makes every one responsible for injuries caused to workmen by the negligence of bailiffs, foremen, and overseers of every character; and it applies

in the case of all injuries caused by defects in machinery. This latter provision will probably discourage farmers in purchasing the new and more complicated machines, and the whole Act is calculated to introduce a system of *vicarious punishment* which may make squires and farmers more careful in the choice of their bailiffs, but which will certainly be a hardship in individual cases.

THE CUCKOO.—Is the cuckoo going to linger through the whole year? One was seen on the 15th of September at a village in Rutland.

SHEEP IN THE ORCHARD.—The practice of keeping sheep in the orchard from the time of gathering to the coming of really cold weather seems to be gaining ground. Ten sheep to an acre is about enough, and they thrive very well.

THE BULB SEASON has begun, and all who want to have spring as an early guest in their houses should have made their purchases before October is out. The bulb sales at Stevens', Covent Garden, have become quite a venerable institution for a certain class, while others like the mixed two, one, or half-guinea bulb packages of the great seed firms. These houses are now sending out circulars which are really books artistically illustrated, and worth keeping for their own sake. Would that all the circulars that trouble the registered householder were equally worth taking in!

CONWAY HONEY FAIR is just one of those quaint, harmless customs which we should be sorry to see let fall. This year's fair has just been held, the *beneficiaires* of the industrious bee asking 6*s.* per quart as an opening price, but accepting 4*s.* 6*d.* at the close of the market. The honey season is now quite over. It begins early in spring, but closes early in autumn.



If bee-farming fails to become popular it will not be for want of books on the subject. We have just reviewed the seventh edition of Mr. Taylor's work; and now Mr. J. F. Robinson gives us his experience in "British Bee-Farming; its Profits and Pleasures," the new volume of "Farming for Pleasure and Profit" (Chapman and Hall). You can make a deal of money by bees if only you succeed. If you fail, you probably fail utterly, like the gentleman who found Ligurian bees, Woodbury hives, and all the newest appliances of no avail; or the poor fellow who, seduced by the glowing accounts of Nading (praised by Mr. Taylor, scouted by Mr. Robinson), threw up a good situation and ruined himself. Bee-keeping, we fancy, is like bird-taming; success depends on an occult sympathy inexplicable by the possessor. But though we think the average labourer would be very unwise to act on Mr. Robinson's hint, that he can gain much more and with a far less expenditure of nerve-force by bee-farming than by delving, we are sure that bee-keeping might with advantage be greatly increased. "Why not," asks Mr. Pettigrew, "put fifteen hives, bringing an average yearly profit of 1*l.* a-piece, on every mile of railway siding?" Bees don't like noise, but they get used to most things, and human creatures manage to live with the Metropolitan trains running under their houses. Mr. Robinson's rules are simple enough. Choose a good hive and be sure it is the right size; keep it very clean and shelter from scorching sun as well as wind; use the Italian extractors, so that the same combs may do again (a vast saving, this, of honey); feed rapidly up to 18 lbs. all your light stocks; ventilate thoroughly; and be on your guard against damp. It seems simple enough; but, like other simple things, not every one can do it. Other matters—why there are so many drones, how they keep bees in Germany, how they hunt them in America and Australia, &c.—are discussed in what is for the general reader one of the pleasantest, and for the specialist one of the most useful, volumes of this useful series.

"Greater Britain" is a factor in the lives of so many of us, that the eleventh volume of "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" (Sampson Low) will be sure to interest a host of readers. The volume contains papers on "The Trade of the Cape Colonies with Central Africa;" on Canada, Jamaica, New Zealand, &c.; on "An Empire's Parliament," in which Mr. Staveley Hill points out what the representation of our colonies could do, and what it could not; and above all an account, by Sir A. Blyth, of South Australia. Sir Arthur goes at considerable length into the South Australian land system, comparing it with those of Victoria, where a farmer can only hold 320 acres, and of New South Wales, where the limit is 640 (in South Australia it is 1,000). The most noticeable feature of the colony is its wonderfully rapid growth: "the agricultural settlement of its northern districts has been like a tidal wave," and places like Port Pirie have increased with more than American speed. Mr. C. B. Young, in the discussion, went still further than Sir A. Blyth, and said that there is no such thing in the colony as grinding poverty, and that "no other 250,000 people in the world are, taken altogether, so thoroughly well off." Everything seems to answer. Wheat pays; though, land being so cheap, the farmer does not try to get more than ten bushels off the acre. The grape thrives as it does nowhere else. Railways are cheaply made, in spite of dear labour; and they pay. Altogether South Australia ought to run Manitoba hard in attracting English farmers. In regard to Jamaica, it is interesting to know that the negroes produce raw sugar to a very considerable extent. There is plenty of labour, says Mr. Musgrave, without importing a single coolie; "the fact simply is that inducement enough is not offered to the labourer to work for the planter instead of for himself." This is worth considering, contrary as it is to the received opinion. All the world over the outlook seems promising. New Zealand, despite the depression, is full of signs of prosperity; Central Africa is healthy, and has a great future before it. Why not spend money in getting the hardy Mayo and Donegal cottiers out to our colonies instead of encouraging them to buy up little holdings on which it is impossible to make a livelihood, save in exceptionally good years?

"We progress by leaps," said Mr. Gladstone; and the leaps of the last forty years have left a very wide gulf between us and our fathers. This gulf Mr. T. Frost helps us to bridge over in "Forty Years' Recollections, Literary and Political" (Sampson Low and Co.). In Mr. Owen's Socialist movement, in the Chartist agitation, in the Hyde Park riots which demolished Lord R. Grosvenor's Sunday Bill, and in the newer affair of the Hyde Park railings, Mr. Frost took a part. He details from personal observation the events of the 10th April, 1848, and the fate of the Great Petition, the attempt in 1852 of such ill-matched allies as Joseph Hume and Ernest Jones to extend the suffrage, and the excitement caused when the Lords threw out the Bill for repealing the paper duty. Mr. Frost was a leader among the Croydon Radicals; and after he removed to London he took up with literature, writing several of Chambers's *Papers for the People* (that on "Ancient Mysteries," the only English work on the subject, among them). Deeply interested in the welfare of the poor, he tried to become a Scripture Reader in Bethnal Green; but failed to satisfy one Examining Board of his orthodoxy, while another rejected him, he thought, because he was not a converted pugilist or wife-beater. He wrote in the *Northern Star* for Feargus O'Connor, of whom he tells many not very creditable anecdotes, and for some time he was sub-editor of Cassell's *Educator*. Such a life could not fail to furnish matter for a highly interesting volume; and it must be a satisfaction to Mr. Frost to feel that nearly all which the Chartists went in for is now part and parcel of the

Constitution. We specially commend the chapters on popular literature forty years ago and at the present day. The "penny dreadfuls" are bad enough, though they have by no means a monopoly of outrageous sensation; but even they are better than the garbage which they have superseded. Mr. Frost's is one of the most suggestive books of the season.

By putting forth a *fac-simile* of "A Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle, by Dame Juliana Berners," Messrs. Elliot Stock have not only kept up the reputation they have acquired as accurate reproducers of early books, but have placed before the public a very interesting work by a very notable lady. The "treatise" was the first book on fishing printed by Wynkyn de Worde; and Dame Juliana (says the Rev. M. G. Watkins in his preface), the beautiful and learned daughter of Richard II.'s favourite, Sir James Berners or Barnes of Roding, was Prioress of Sopwell, the nunnery of which most visitors to St. Alban's have seen the scanty remains. Her "Book of St. Alban's" (which Messrs. Stock are about to reprint) was published by the schoolmaster-printer of the Abbey in 1486, and treats of hawking, hunting, and coat-armour—subjects not generally treated of by lady-abbesses. Dame Juliana was a thorough Tory, and would not publish her fishing as a "lytill plounflet" lest it should come into the hands of "eche ylle persone whyche wolde desire it;" she therefore included it in the second edition of her "Book of St. Alban's"—"a greter volume of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men." Fishing, for her, was "the gentle craft" in a different sense from that in which we use the phrase; it was the right of those of gentle blood. *Noblesse oblige*, and the angler must (she says) not catch to excess, lest he destroy his future pleasure and spoil that of his neighbours; she has, too, an eye to close months in the remark that "a good sportsman will busy himself in nourishing the game." On fly-fishing, not before named since Aelian's day, she gives hints not yet out of date. Her portrait of the complete angler is perfect; and she "struck the keynote for all subsequent followers of the art both in their praise and their practice of it." The book was well worth reproducing, and is got up in a way which does credit to all concerned.

We have received a set of cards, by M. C. G., containing directions for knitting stockings and socks, intended for the use of schools, mothers' meetings, &c., and very sensible directions they appear to be, giving good general instruction in matters which some knitters might be supposed to know, but of which they are sometimes ignorant. There is also a scale of sizes for children, from four to sixteen. These directions are to be obtained at the National Society's Depository, Sanctuary, Westminster, price 1*s.*; or from the publisher, A. T. Harmer, Market Place, Cirencester.

THE CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.—The recently-issued eleventh Annual Report of the Charity Organisation Society contains a prodigious amount of information on the important subject of Metropolitan Distress, and how best to treat it. It can scarcely be said that the volume in question affords light reading, or what, in a popular sense, would be called entertaining, but the diligent reader who is not to be daunted by a great show of figures will find in its several hundred pages much that is curious and instructive as well. It must be satisfactory to the Society, not only to be the direct means of alleviating unavoidable poverty, but in the faithful discharge of its stewardship to detect and expose hundreds of the great army of impostors whose daily bread, to say nothing of more toothsome luxuries, are derived entirely from the purses of the too easily moved and the carelessly credulous. It appears that during the year ending September, 1879, of the number who made application for assistance at the Society's various branches it was discovered that 2,182 did not require relief at all, and that 1,525, though they were in need, were undeserving of the helping hand, while as many as 5,529 applicants were refused because they more properly came within Poor Law administration, or were otherwise ineligible. Taking the three classes last enumerated we have a total of 9,236, against one of only 7,317, which represents the number assisted by the Society by way of gifts, loans, finding them employment, or procuring them letters of recommendation for asylums and hospitals. The income of the Society during the twelve months from all sources was 6,341*l.* One way and another, however, the sum handled by the executive during the year was between eight and nine thousand pounds, and the working expenses all told a little over three thousand two hundred pounds. This appears a large sum, and, indeed, represents the principal bone of contention between those who approve of the Society and those who decline to give it their countenance. It is contended that it is out of all reasonable proportion that as much as about seven shillings must be taken from every contributed sovereign to pay its carriage to those for whom it is intended. At the same time it is but fair to state that an examination of the auditors' account does not disclose any one item of management that might safely be expunged, or more economically maintained.

RODS IN PICKLE.—The Home Secretary is not a man to let grass grow under his feet when he has an object to achieve, and has made a start towards it. Closely following on his letter to the Mayor of Manchester on the subject of the treatment of juvenile offenders, appears an announcement that a supply of birch rods is in hand, and ready for distribution amongst the various police-courts. On Saturday last two of the implements in question arrived at Hampstead, addressed from the Office of the Receiver for the Metropolitan Police, and bearing the official seal. The rods are described as being rather more than a yard each in length, and as being well suited for their purpose. At every police-station a constable is to be appointed flogger-in-ordinary, but the small culprits it will be his duty to operate on are not to be left entirely to his tender mercy. Billy Jones, who lets off a squib in the street, or makes a slide on the pavement, and is sentenced to six strokes of the birch, will have his medical attendant present just the same as the Old Bailey ruffian who is doomed to the cat. This last is a feature of the affair that is not altogether satisfactory, and will be likely to create a feeling of uneasiness in the minds of those who object to corporal punishment in any shape or form. It may be assumed that the authorities in taking precautions against the possibility of a young delinquent's health being injured are actuated only by merciful and humane intentions, but it may be objected that an ordinary, or even an extraordinary birching as inflicted on a schoolboy is not a punishment to require medical supervision during its administration. The damage done is no more than skin deep, and the pain acute, but there is no danger on the score of physical injury, or of serious shock to the system. The anti-flogging party, bearing in mind the formidable dimensions of the instrument of castigation—more than a yard in length, as well as the fact that a constable is to be selected, possibly on account of his superior muscular development, and specially retained for the stern office, will look with suspicion on that clause of the new arrangement that makes it imperative for a doctor to be present at every judicial wielding of the hateful twigs. In their excited imagination they see the wretched little victim triced up to the whipping-post, with an Herculean flogger, bare-armed and unbraced, that he may have freer play for his implement of torture, while the anxious doctor stands by watch in hand, eagerly observant for such symptoms as shall entitle him to cry, "Hold, enough." A much milder picture would, of course, do justice to reality. Indeed, the birching of a boy of ten or twelve years old, to the extent of half-a-dozen, or even a dozen, strokes, is such a simple affair that one cannot help thinking that the piece of red tape that attaches a medical man to the operation might be dispensed with.

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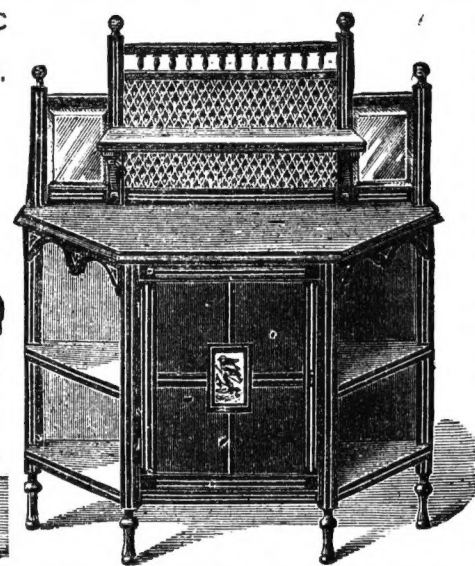
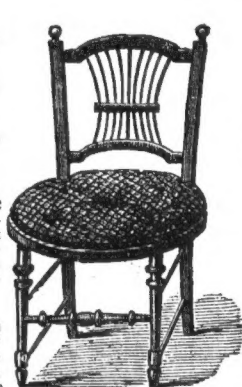
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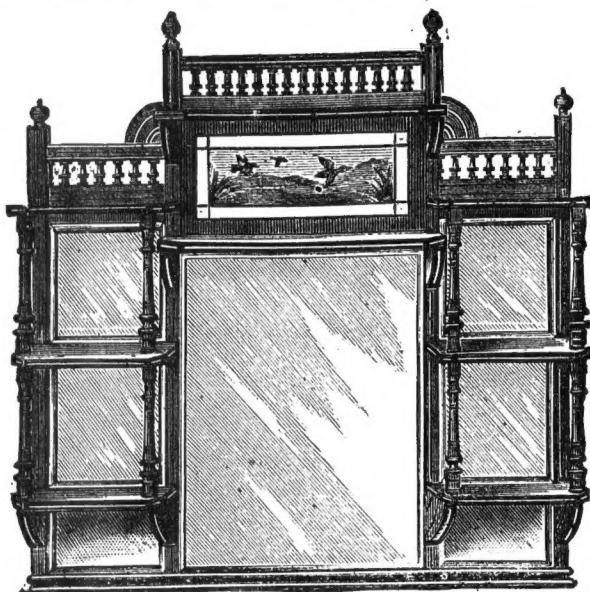
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CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE, DRAWING-ROOM CABINETS, from £7 7s. to 50 guineas; some of these are very handsome. Glasses and Suites complete. Bed-room Sets and Dining-room Suites in the same style. Brackets and Fancy Ornaments, from 15s.—MAPLE and CO.

DRAWING ROOM DINING ROOM BED ROOM FURNITURE.

MANUFACTURERS of BED-ROOM SUITES.

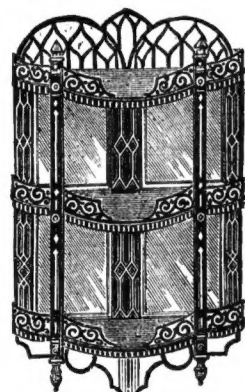
BED-ROOM SUITES, in Pine, 6½ Guineas.

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"MAN-O-WAR" COSTUME for WINTER, for Boys from 3 to 12 years of age, as worn by the young Princes, and supplied by us for the Lord Mayor's recent Ball at the Mansion House.

COMPRIS:
1. Heavy Blue Serge Blouse, Indigo dye, and all wool, with extra blue linen bib, and gold badge and stripes on arm.
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4. Black Silk Necktie.
5. Lanyard and Whistle.
6. Cap lettered "H.M.S. Pinafore," "H.M.S. Bacchante," or "Sunbeam."
ALL COMPLETE FOR 23s.
MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED:
Height of boy and size round Head.
The New Fashion Plate Post Free.
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AND
OLD RIP SMOKING TOBACCO.

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The verdict of Cigarette Smokers of every country is that the Richmond Gem Cigarettes are unquestionably superior to all others. In boxes of 100, 5s., or 50 for 2s. 6d., and in pocket cases of 20 at 1s. If not found at your tobacconist's, will be sent post free by the Importers upon receipt of price. Smokers who desire an exceedingly

MILD AND DELICATE CIGARETTE,

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We do not print the name of the Brand on each Cigarette, Ink or Bronze being poisonous when smoked or inhaled. See that every package is sealed.

TO PIPE SMOKERS.

OLD RIP LONG CUT TOBACCO You will find in cool and dry smoking, strength with genuine flavour. One correspondent writes: "The smoker may burn the tobacco to any extent. The tobacco is much too genuine and good-natured to return the compliment by burning his mouth like a lime-kiln." The London Correspondent, *Western Mail*, Cardiff, Sept. 9, 1880, writes:—"Have you ever smoked 'Old Rip'?" For I presume you, like unto all consumers of the midnight oil, smoke. It is quite the rage in London at present, and as I instinctively abhor anything which becomes 'the rage' in 'New Babylon,' I resisted for a time any offer to 'make one try,' at last I did, and if I did not shout out in the classic language of the ancient Greek, 'Eureka.' I proclaim now that 'I have found it,' the very best, the most delightfully flavoured and pure smoke in the market."

OLD RIP LONG CUT TOBACCO, the Choicest Smoking Tobacco ever produced, smoking cool and sweet. As a pure Virginia Tobacco, we assure the smoker of its healthfulness and freedom from any adulterations whatever, and is believed to be so perfect a smoking tobacco as to admit of no improvement.

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FAT LADY.—"How am I to get through?"
CONSORT.—"Take Anti-Fat, as I did."

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Is not affected by violent jerks or the succession of shocks experienced in Riding, Hunting, Shooting, or other Field Sports, Bicycling, Rough Travelling, &c. Is less liable to get out of order than any other make of watch, and is a most exact time-keeper.
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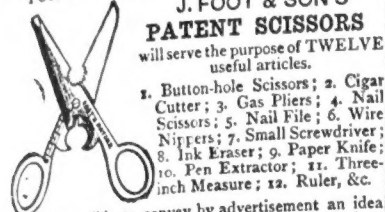
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FOR EITHER LADY OR GENTLEMAN.



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It is impossible to convey by advertisement an idea of the unique and wonderful features of this ingenious article. Its real value of usefulness can only be known by those who possess one, and on emergencies the utility which it can be applied are innumerable. Novelty and extreme utility are its special recommendations, and give universal satisfaction, and are pronounced by the press as a "COMPANION" to be invaluable. Sent post free in sheath, Polished Steel, 2s. 8d.; Nickel Plated, 3s. 8d.; Gold Plated, 4s. 8d. Hand-Nickel Plated Case for Ladies' Workbaskets, 1s. 6d. Some Velvet-lined Case for Ladies' Workbaskets, 1s. 6d.

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Height 27 inches—Width 10 inches.

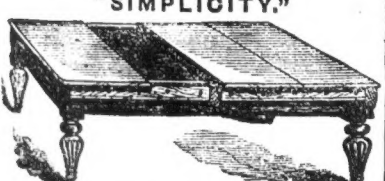


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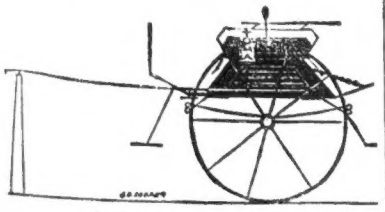


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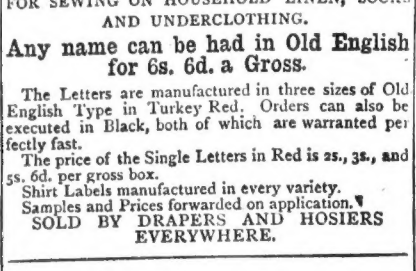
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JOLLY and SON'S FULCRUM SHAFT CART.
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CIGARETTES (PURE TURKISH).
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Supersedes all others for durability and silk-like appearance. Is not spotted by RAIN, nor injured by HEAT. It is of PERFECT MANUFACTURE and PATENTED FINISH. UNFADING IN COLOUR. Unequalled in Value, FIRM IN PILE. To be had in all Colours and Prices. Ask for it, and see that the word "AMARANT" is Stamped in GOLD on the FACE. SELVAGES. Patterns and Show Cards supplied to the Trade.—**RAWSON BROTHERS, SOLE AGENTS, 2, Blue Bear Court, Friday St., London, E.C.**

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CHARTALINE BLANKETS.
Railway Wheels have been made from paper, so are HENRY'S CHARTALINE BLANKETS. The paper is specially prepared, perforated, and lined with a thin layer of cotton wool. Price, according to size:
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"WESTWARD HO!"
"When all things were made, none was made better than Tobacco; to be a lone man's Companion, a bachelor's Friend, a hungry man's Food, a sad man's Cordial; a wakeful man's Sleep, and a chilly man's Fire. There's no Herb like it under the canopy of Heaven."—*Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"*
In 1 oz., 2 oz., and 4 oz. packets, lined with tinfoil.
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A BUTTON HOLE A MINUTE.
SIXTY BUTTON HOLES IN AN HOUR.



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It is impossible to convey by advertisement an idea of the unique and wonderful features of this ingenious appliance for cutting and working button holes. It is so simple that a child can work a MORE PERFECT BUTTON HOLE with it than the most experienced needlewoman can without it. Every stitch is taken with the most perfect mechanical accuracy. No pricking the fingers or straining the eyes, and by its use an imperfect and irregular WORKED BUTTON HOLE is impossible. The speed and utility are marvellous. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies and seamstresses who use them say that they are worth their weight in gold. No workbasket is complete without one. Is used entirely independent of the sewing machine, and will last as long as a thimble. A Worker and Button Hole Cutter, neatly placed in box, sent on receipt of P.O.O. 2s. 6d., or if stamps in registered letter only.—**WEBSTER MANUFACTURING CO., 35, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.**

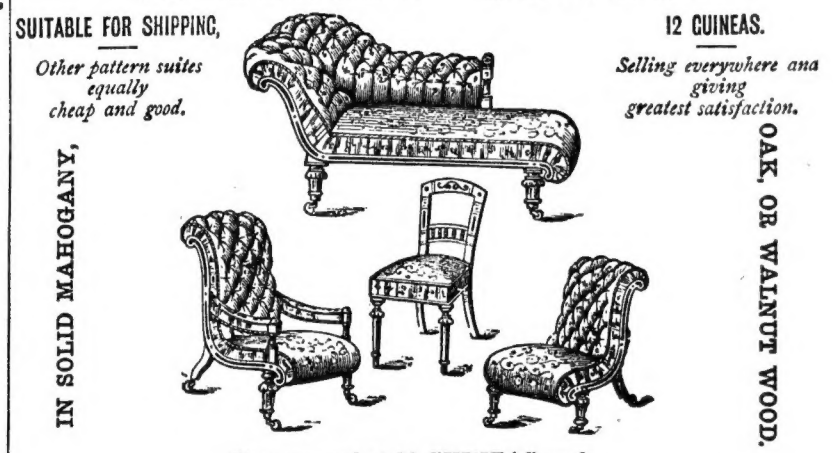
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A LADY HAVING A RECIPE OF A most simple nature that will at once safely REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS, preventing their appearance, will have pleasure in forwarding it upon application to Mrs. GRACE NEWTON, Verwood Villas, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

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EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS BY STEAM POWER AND MACHINERY.
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LAVERTON & CO.'S CELEBRATED UNIVERSAL CHALLENGE 10-GUINEA SUITES.



SUITABLE FOR SHIPPING, Other pattern suites equally cheap and good.
IN SOLID MAHOGANY, OR FINEST CAMBRIC.
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Selling everywhere and giving greatest satisfaction.
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Unsurpassed at 10 GUINEAS each. The whole well Spring Stuffed with best Coppered Springs, covered in good Cretonne, Damask, or best Leather Cloth, nicely trimmed with Silk Gimp or Gilt Nails, comprising 1 Couch, 6 Chairs, and 2 Easy Chairs. Every article guaranteed strong, well-made, and durable. An inspection earnestly solicited. Such goods never offered before at the price by any house in the Kingdom. Large Illustrated Catalogues for 12 Stamps.
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BEAUTIFUL LARGE MIRRORS. GREAT BARGAINS.
Brilliant Plate Glass, Best Gold and Workmanship, 3 ft. long, nearly 2 ft. wide. £2 2s. each, £3 10s. the pair. BLACK and GOLD same price. Travel safely to all parts. "SOHAM, Jan. 8, 1880.—I received the mirrors quite safely, and am well pleased with them; I consider them a marvel of cheapness."
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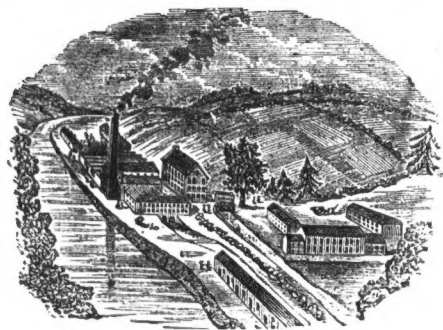
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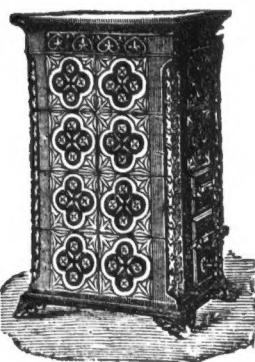
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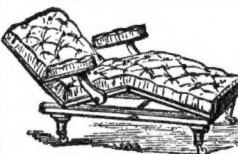
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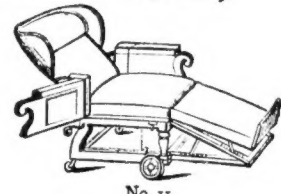


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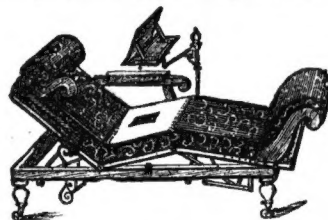
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